

The Listener

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J. Allan Cash

Trinity College, Dublin: the British Association for the Advancement of Science is holding its 119th annual meeting in the capital of Eire. For a broadcast version of the presidential address by Professor P. M. S. Blackett see page 331

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Economic Revolution in the Middle East (Charles Issawi)
Art Studio Conversations in Soviet Russia (Denis Mathews)
Obstructing the Police (J. A. Coutts)



Ninth month in the modern calendar, September was only seventh in the Roman year, which began with March. In Saxon England, the month was named 'Gerst-monath', the month of barley.

The mists are real enough, but the mellow fruitfulness appears to elude us. The basket with which we armed ourselves when we set out now seems optimistically large, as the black tide of berries creeps but slowly upward, inch by painful inch. Only the thought that eventually some kitchen witchery will transform our spoils into a row of comfortably-glowing jars on the pantry shelf sustains us in a losing battle with brambles suddenly possessed of a malevolent life of their own. Why, we wonder, does no one invent a machine to save us from this annual scarification. But machines for harvesting lie properly within the province of the farmer who needs them more and uses them to better purpose. For grain and roots and hops and fruit, we owe him thanks; and he, in turn, would acknowledge the assistance he had from his bank. This may well be the Midland, a bank well placed by long association with rural areas to meet the banking needs of all who 'live by the land'.

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Technology and World Advancement*

By P. M. S. BLACKETT

SCIENCE and technology are the key to wealth; and the creation and distribution of wealth are the warp and woof of the many-patterned texture of politics. Many scientists and engineers—let us be frank about it—have in the past deliberately avoided thinking more than they can help about the social consequences of their collective achievements: just because, to do so, would sweep them into the troubled waters of political controversy.

Though few today in the rich western world are naive enough to think that an increase of material wealth necessarily results in a corresponding increase of human happiness and personal fulfilment, yet few would deny the validity of using a nation's material wealth as a measure of its potential welfare.

One of the most striking features of our contemporary world is the very uneven distribution of material wealth. Leaving aside the countries in the Soviet orbit, as needing separate discussion which will not be attempted, we have at the one extreme the highly industrialised countries of Europe and of North America and Australasia, with, in round figures, a population of 400,000,000, and an average income a head of £300 a year. For Europe alone the average is £200 a year. Three hundred years ago, the then pre-industrial countries of Europe had a real income a head of not much more than a tenth of what it is today. In the last half-century their wealth has been increasing at a rough average rate of nearly 2 per cent. a head every year; thus doubling in rather less than forty years.

In marked contrast to the rich West are the still pre-industrial countries, particularly those of Asia, Africa and South America. These—excluding Soviet China—have a population of some 1,000,000,000 people and an average income of about £20 a year a head; that is, one-tenth that of Europe and a still smaller fraction of that of the West as a whole. Moreover, this low income does not on the average seem to have increased much during the last three centuries and may at times have fallen, despite the

revolutionary improvements in world technology as a whole during this period. It seems from such figures that 300 years ago the standard of life in at least the most advanced nations of the East, such as China, India, or Persia, must have been as high as that of Europe. The gap now of ten to one in favour of Europe is of quite recent origin and is due to the sudden advance of the West, mainly in the last 200 years, whereas the Eastern countries have remained nearly static.

Economists have recently been turning their attention to the complex historic causes which lead a country to transform itself from a static pre-industrial state to a growing industrial one. Making apt use of an aeronautical metaphor, the American economist Rostow has named this vital period of transition 'the take-off into sustained growth'. In Britain, the first country to become fully industrialised, this critical period seems to have been the last twenty years of the eighteenth century.

Everyone recognises that most scientific and technological innovations can lead to continually increasing wealth only when they become embodied in material things, particularly production goods such as machine tools, chemical and fertiliser plants, transport and communication systems. The high capital cost of industrialisation is one of the main reasons why the take-off is such a difficult operation for the still pre-industrial countries of the East today.

In addition to maintaining its existing wealth, the western world is saving and investing productively some 10 per cent. of its income of £300 a year a head: that is, some £30 a year is being invested in additional plant and machinery to create more wealth. The pre-industrial countries of Asia have only about £20 a year to live on, that is, for both consumption and production goods. The West is thus saving more than the East is spending on everything. No wonder that the gap in wealth between the West and Asia is steadily widening! Moreover, most new scientific and technical discoveries or developments tend to widen the gap still

* A shortened version, broadcast in the B.B.C.'s General Overseas Service, of the presidential address to this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, now being held in Dublin

more just because the already rich countries have the capital to make full use of them but the poor countries have not. Decidedly science is no fairy wand to wave over a poor country to convert it into a rich one.

When, after the second world war, these Asian countries threw off alien rule, the ills of south-east Asia—poverty, under-feeding, disease, and illiteracy—became important factors in international relations. For these new independent countries became free to make their own external and foreign policy, based on their own views of their own interests. They can now choose for themselves with which countries they will trade or with which they will have close diplomatic or military relations. Moreover, no political party in these new Asian countries can hope to maintain itself long in power if it does not succeed in improving the lot of its people.

India's Five-Year Plan

Of all the former dependent countries, India has by far the best-worked-out plan of social advance. The limit of India's possible rate of advance is set mainly by the available capital for productive investment, and particularly of foreign exchange to buy production goods from other countries. Failing massive external aid, the advance is limited to what a poor democratic country can raise internally by taxation and loans.

During the period of the first Indian five-year plan, ending in 1956, the gross national income rose by 18 per cent. This is an important, even if precarious, achievement, in marked contrast to the stagnation of the previous decades. In the second five-year period a rise of gross national income of 25 per cent. is planned; that is, 5 per cent. a year. Whether this can be achieved without further additional external aid is not yet assured. Such a rate of rise, *if achieved*, would be twice the average of western Europe at the present time. So the relative gap that is the ratio between the living standards of India and of Europe would begin slowly to close. But how slowly! If these rates continued, half a century would elapse before the standard of living in India would climb from one-tenth to one-fifth of that of Europe.

It is clear that the problem raised by the rapid rise of population in many eastern countries looms especially large to those who are pessimistic about the possibility of these countries rapidly increasing their material wealth, including food. Historically the population of Europe in the nineteenth century rose faster than that of Asia, but no population or food problem arose because wealth, including food, rose much faster. The population of the U.S.A. today is rising faster than that of India. If the total wealth of a country is steady, a 1 per cent. rise in the population leads to a *reduction* by 1 per cent. a year of the standard of living. But if the total wealth is rising by 5 per cent., then a 1 per cent. population rise merely reduces the rise of industrial wealth to 4 per cent. The rise of population in such countries as those of south-east Asia thus does add, in a defined and calculable way, to the cost and burden of achieving economic progress. However, it is a not uncommon error among Westerners to assume implicitly that no marked economic and agricultural progress in these countries is possible, and so to be led to view them wearing social spectacles through which little can be seen but millions of brown babies.

Abundant evidence proves the high level of technological achievement at a very early date in the history of civilisation. The astonishing building feats of the Egyptians and Mesopotamians are world-famous. Less widely known are the gigantic town-planned cities of northern India, such as Mohenjo Daro which flourished over 4,000 years ago, with their main drainage systems, vast granaries, and citizens' houses far better than those lived in by most Indians today. Innumerable examples abound in our museums or are illustrated in our histories, demonstrating the astonishing technical triumphs of antiquity. The modernity in design of many articles of domestic use in ancient times is most striking. A wooden chair or a manicure set from the Egyptian New Empire of 1000 B.C. would not look out of place in the most up-to-date shop-window today, and might well be better made. A high level of domestic culture was by no means restricted to a few monarchs and officials.

During the first 200 years of modern science, from 1600 to 1800, science learnt much from technology, but taught it relatively little. The empirical industrial arts were already so highly developed, and indeed had been for thousands of years, that system-

atic science had to develop far before it could improve decisively on pre-scientific technology. Even today the biochemist cannot teach a chef how to cook a better omelette.

The vast developments from the seventeenth century to the present day in science and technology have been almost exclusively a western achievement. Though the technological foundations on which Europe built arose mainly in the countries of the Near and Far East, these have hardly as yet shared in the later scientific and industrial revolution.

After 2,000 years of relative stagnation of world technology, Europeans staged a scientific, technological and industrial revolution, which has transformed within three centuries, and is still transforming, both the material way of life and the mental outlook of mankind. This astonishing achievement of the peoples of Europe must rank with the greatest events of world history. During the centuries when European scientists, technologists and craftsmen were conquering nature, European fighting men, missionaries, traders and administrators were conquering the world. By the close of the nineteenth century 100,000,000 Europeans were ruling some 700,000,000 people in Asia, Africa and America.

To the question why what happened did happen, I do not think there is an agreed answer. Certainly it had nothing to do with any inherent European superiority—indeed, the history of the previous millennia might well have suggested the opposite. Most probably it was due to differences of social and political organisation.

Understandably, this triumph of the West over both nature and the world went to its head. By the last half of the nineteenth century the doctrine of the innate superiority of white peoples, with its corollary of the inferiority and incapability of coloured people, had become widely accepted in the West. To a great extent, white racialism is economic and administrative in origin. Men tend to feel superior to those whom they rule and to despise those whom they exploit.

What has science to say of the innate mental differences between the different races of mankind? Rather little, it seems—at any rate, so far. The physical differences of colour, feature and stature are obvious without the aid of scientific study. It may well be that innate differences of mental make-up do exist: but scientific study has failed as yet to establish their existence or nature.

I am convinced that western pessimism about the possibility of social advance by ex-colonial Asian countries, derived in part from the doctrine of white superiority, is both unjustified in fact and a serious cause of practical error. It has led the West to overestimate the need of the have-not countries for technical advice from western experts and to underestimate the need for simple financial help. Admirable as many of the schemes of technical aid have been, particularly those in education, medicine and agriculture, the sending of experts to poor countries without the capital to carry out their plans could be as irritating as to send a trained cook to a family unable to pay the baker. Unless followed up by massive financial aid, some of the West's present aid programme may yet merit the war-time wisecrack of 'offering all aid short of help'.

Amount of Help Needed

What would constitute real help? In addition to likely commercial and government short-term lending, an additional £1,000,000,000 a year is needed as a free gift or as long-term loans from the 400,000,000 rich Westerners to the 1,000,000,000 Asians, Africans and South Americans in the underdeveloped countries outside the Soviet orbit. To the western donors, this would amount to a levy of less than 1 per cent. of their income; Britain would pay £150,000,000 a year, and this would postpone by less than a year the expected rise of 50 per cent. in British living standards over the next quarter of a century.

To the recipient countries, it would mean £1 a year a head in foreign exchange, that is, a 5 per cent. addition to their income of £20 a year. If wisely invested, this should allow the standard of life to rise at rather more than an extra 2 per cent. a year, and so would make an appreciable contribution to the outstanding problem of the widening gap.

Some may think I have taken a too severely economic attitude

(continued on page 349)

Economic Revolution in the Middle East

By CHARLES ISSAWI

THE first and most striking aspect of the change that is going on in the Middle East is the external political revolution: Middle Easterners are attempting to throw off the last remains of foreign rule and to achieve full and complete sovereignty. But there is also an internal political and social revolution: in many countries an effort is being made to weld a congeries of tribes and sects and villages into a national community, and at the same time there is a parallel attempt to replace an obsolete ruling class by one more suited to the age in which we live. Then there is the cultural revolution commonly referred to as westernisation and the powerful reactions it has provoked. And there is also an economic transformation: the attempt to carry out industrial and agricultural revolutions similar to those of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Europe and America.

Many of those changes may seem badly out of date. What is the point of insisting on absolute sovereignty when some of the world's oldest and most advanced states are surrendering their sovereignty to supra-national entities such as the Coal and Steel Community or the Common Market? What is the sense of an old-fashioned Industrial Revolution in the age of atomic energy and automation? Outside criticisms like these do not, however, in any way make these changes less desirable in the eyes of Middle Easterners. Nor does the apparently anachronistic character of these revolutions in any way diminish either their great urgency or the extreme difficulty of bringing them about.

I want to discuss here only a small aspect of this many-sided revolution, an aspect which has been admirably dealt with by Miss Doreen Warriner in her recent book *Land Reform and Development in the Middle East**. In practically all the Middle Eastern countries agriculture employs the bulk of the

working population, provides close to half of the national income and accounts for the greater part of exports, so it is evident that no significant economic growth can take place unless accompanied by marked agricultural progress. Such progress must be achieved



Egyptians picking cotton, the crop which accounts for most of the country's exports: its development has greatly stimulated the growth of Egypt's population

J. Allan Cash

simultaneously on two fronts. First, there is the need for technical improvements, ranging from large-scale irrigation works to seed selection and scientific crop rotations; and secondly there must be agrarian reform, *i.e.*, a remoulding of conditions of land ownership and tenancy and a strengthening of such aspects of agricultural organisation as farm credit and co-operatives. These reforms have, moreover, to be closely adapted to the peculiar needs of each country. Three of these countries, Egypt, Syria, and Iraq, illustrate very well both the diversity of conditions and the differences in approach prevailing in the region.

To begin with Egypt: Egypt's ills are particularly easy to diagnose and particularly difficult to cure—too many people on too little land: to be more precise 23,000,000 persons on some 6,000,000 cultivated acres. And the rate of population increase has risen to 2 per cent. per annum; it may eventually reach 3 per cent., whereas the margin of cultivable land is strictly limited and can be brought under the plough only at great cost.

This difficult situation is a result of the lop-sided development of the Egyptian economy during the last 150 years. The founder of modern Egypt, Mohammad Ali, introduced cotton and carried out a drastic change in land tenure, substituting individual for communal ownership of land. Unfortunately, his attempt to achieve a more balanced economy by forced indus-



The Tharthar barrage across the Tigris at Samarra, Iraq, where the waters of the river have been controlled and its devastating floods ended

Iraq Petroleum Company

trialisation was frustrated, partly owing to inherent weaknesses and partly because of foreign opposition. Egypt therefore found herself increasingly dependent on a single crop, cotton, which soon came to account for the bulk of her export trade. Cotton requires a great amount of labour, and its expansion, coupled with improved hygiene and greater food supplies, stimulated a rapid population growth. Consequently, in the last 150 years Egypt's population rose about sevenfold.

For some time this rise in population was more than matched by agricultural expansion. The irrigation canals of Mohammad Ali and his successors were supplemented by huge dams built by the British and Egyptian administrations, and the area under cultivation increased considerably; at the same time, more intensive methods of cultivation raised agricultural output. Gradually, however, the country began to fill up, and around the turn of the century population began to press on resources. Since then, population growth has greatly outrun the increase in cultivated area, and the available amount of land per head has shrunk steadily, from half an acre in 1907 to about one quarter today. As a result, whereas *per capita* income and the standard of living had risen steadily until the first world war, since then there has been a slight decline.

Attempts to deal with this situation were, until recently, half-hearted and ineffectual. Some irrigation works were built, but at increasingly high costs as the more accessible land had already been used up. Further intensification of agriculture, although necessary, cannot achieve miracles since Egyptian agriculture is already among the most intensive in the world. It uses, for example, much more chemical fertilisers per acre than British agriculture. As Miss Warriner puts it, 'Broadly speaking, Egypt's land produces twice as much per acre as western Europe, while its labour earns only one seventh as much'.

Since the revolution of 1952, Egypt's military government has attempted some drastic solutions to these problems. The projected High Dam above Aswan would extend the cultivated area by over 20 per cent. It would also generate an enormous amount of electricity. Industrialisation is being vigorously promoted and successful attempts have been made to interest foreign capital in prospecting for oil and other minerals. At present industry employs only 8 per cent. of the working population and provides only 10 per cent. of the national income, but it is hoped to raise both figures appreciably. Old industries, such as textiles, food processing, cement, and chemical fertilisers have been expanded, and new ones, such as steel, rubber, electric appliances, and assembly plants, have been established. In the meantime, life has been made a little easier for the peasants by the agrarian reform of 1952. This measure reduced the exorbitant rents being charged, to the great benefit of tenants. It also expropriated land in excess of 300 acres, and it is estimated that about one-tenth of the cultivated land of Egypt will change hands as a result of this measure. So far, some 300,000 acres have been redistributed; unfortunately, instead of parcelling the land out as family farms, and providing the new owners with the necessary technical and financial assistance, the government has set up co-operative farms

which look very much like collectives. There is no doubt that the peasants have appreciably gained in income, but there is also good reason to believe that the economic results would have been as good, and the social results better, if they had been established on family farms. At any rate, land reform has given Egypt a breathing space, during which it is hoped that something can be done to increase the country's production at a faster rate than its population, raise the standard of living, and so perhaps eventually bring down the birth rate and slow the population growth.

In many respects present-day Iraq is like the Egypt of 150 years ago. There is the same small population, sparsely scattered over the land. There are the same primitive methods of agriculture, the same low yields and the same concentration on cereals. There are also the same possibilities of enormously extending cultivation by means of irrigation works. Two important differences, however, exist, one favourable and one unfavourable: the presence of oil and the system of land tenure.

The importance of oil for Iraq is usually overrated. The petroleum industry does not require much labour, and the total number of Iraqis directly employed in it is only 15,000.

Moreover, oil provides its own energy and uses pipelines rather than the more conventional means of transport. For all these reasons, the industry does not have as much impact on other sectors of the economy as would some other branches of manufacturing or even mining. Nevertheless its contribution is immense. The petroleum industry has, directly and indirectly, trained thou-

sands of workmen and entrepreneurs who have then moved on to other businesses. It has provided an unlimited source of cheap power. It has removed all anxieties regarding the balance of payments, and enabled Iraq, by continually having a large import surplus, to avoid inflation.

Above all, it has provided the government with an annual revenue of over £70,000,000, the bulk of which is now being used for development. Large dams and canals have been built, and more are under way. Those two very stubborn rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, have been controlled and their devastating floods ended. The water now available, or soon to be made available, will make it possible to expand greatly the irrigated area. More recently, some attention has been paid to agricultural improvement and considerably more to education, health, housing and other aspects of social welfare. Industrial development has taken place: cement, textile, and food-processing plants have been established and several others are under construction; moreover, some elaborate chemical industries, based on petroleum or natural gas, are under study. These various measures should both expand and diversify the economy.

Unfortunately, the land tenure system continues to form a great obstacle to economic, social, and political development. What happened in Iraq is that, during the transition from communal to individual tenure, large landowners took over the bulk of the land and left the mass of the population landless. This unhappy situation is the result of several factors. There was the attempt of the Ottoman government to apply an individualistic land code to a country characterised by tribal tenure and shifting cultivation.



The Orontes River scheme in Syria: a photograph taken during the construction (1952-54) of a tunnel to drain Lake Rouj through the mountains into the river valley; the sharp fall of the water will be used in the generation of electric power

There was, also, the inaction of the British authorities after the first world war. Again, there was, and is, the greed of Iraq's landlord-dominated parliaments.

There remains, however, one safety valve—the existence of some 25,000,000 acres of state-owned land, one-third of which is judged to be cultivable. Since 1945, this land has been used to settle farmers in projects of which the best known is that of Dujaila. In these schemes, each farmer is granted sixty acres of land, is given both technical assistance and supervision, is required to fulfil certain conditions, such as building a house, planting an orchard and carrying out a certain crop rotation, and obtains ownership of the land after ten years. Results have not always come up to expectations, but most observers are enthusiastic about the projects. By the end of 1955, nearly 16,000 families had been settled on an area of some 1,300,000 acres. Iraqi authorities hope that these projects, together with the development of industry, commerce, and services, will absorb enough labour to weaken the position of the landlords and force them to reduce rents and dispose of part of their holdings.

Some people, though, are by no means sure that the present policy, commendable though it is, is sufficient to deal with the country's problems and recommend more drastic measures of land reform. In Iraq, as elsewhere, political developments will ultimately decide this question, but they in turn may well be determined by what is done to Iraq's land tenure.

Syria's Middle Class

Syria differs from Egypt and Iraq in two important respects—one geographical and the other historical. First, its agriculture has always depended mainly on rainfall, not irrigation. This factor has greatly reduced the role played by the government in economic life, since in Syria no large-scale irrigation works are required for cultivation. Secondly, in the general decline following the Mongol invasions in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and the Ottoman conquest in the sixteenth century, Syrian towns remained more active than those of Iraq and, probably, Egypt. The crafts continued to flourish and commercial activity was vigorous. Consequently, Syria possesses what Iraq does not have and Egypt is only just beginning to acquire—an alert and enterprising middle class. It is this class, together with a few venture-some landlords, which has been responsible for the remarkable upsurge in agriculture during the last fifteen years in Syria.

The way this development started is interesting. During the last war, the British and American authorities, wanting to save shipping space by expanding local agricultural production, imported 300 tractors into Syria. These few tractors proved to be

highly profitable and demonstrated the country's potentialities. Consequently, in the post-war period, enterprising merchants and landlords became interested in mechanisation and the amount of agricultural machinery and irrigation pumps in use expanded several-fold. As a result, the area under cultivation is now more than twice as high as in pre-war years, output of grain has doubled, and cotton production, which was stimulated by a rise in prices during the Korean war, has increased from 6,000 to 90,000 tons, and is steadily rising. Although output per acre is still very low, and could be considerably raised by using selected seeds and fertilisers and improving rotations, output per man in Syria is now much higher than in either Iraq or Egypt.

The beneficial effects of this expansion have made themselves widely felt. Agricultural wages in the sparsely settled north-eastern parts of the country have risen, and labour has been attracted from the more congested areas. Incomes of farmers have increased, and this has provided an internal market for Syria's industry, which now makes a sizable contribution to the national income.

Except for an education and health programme, and some measures to help cotton growers, the government has played a very minor part in recent agricultural and industrial developments in Syria. In the field of land reform, only two attempts by the Syrian government deserve attention. In 1952 the government tried to recover state lands which had been illegally taken over by large landowners and to distribute them to small farmers, but this measure was soon shelved. Nor is it by any means certain that in the sparsely settled rain-fed zones of the north-east, where most of the state lands are located, small-scale farming is the ideal solution. More can, however, be expected from the second government scheme; that is, the irrigation and drainage scheme being carried out in the Orontes valley, where some 100,000 persons will be settled in family farms, relieving the congestion of nearby areas. These projects, added to the general economic expansion, may bring about a solution of Syria's not too acute land tenure problems.

Such, then, are the main trends in land reform and agricultural development in Egypt, Iraq, and Syria: and what I would like to emphasise most is the fact that these changes form only a small part of the transformation through which all the Middle Eastern countries are going. At the same time as they are attempting an agricultural revolution they are trying to carry out an industrial revolution, a national revolution and a renaissance—and there are many who think that all these efforts will come to nought unless accompanied by a religious reformation as well. No wonder that the Middle East is in turmoil and travail.—*Third Programme*

India and Pakistan after Ten Years

PHILIP MASON concludes a series of five talks

I HAVE been trying to say something of the villages I saw recently in India and Pakistan, and two broad pictures have emerged, on the one hand of the better educated—and of the peasants, too, in the new villages—rejoicing in their freedom and trying to make a better world for themselves, while on the other hand in the villages still untouched there is discontent about prices and taxation, some hardship, much dissatisfaction, and a growing legend of the good old days of the British. I want here to make some contrasts, draw some parallels, and touch on some points I have left out.

First, there is an utterly different 'feel' between the two countries, at any rate in the parts I visited. Let me emphasise again that I can speak only of the parts I saw. In India I was aware of a note of earnest endeavour, a kind of righteous fervour, in most official pronouncements; with this goes a puritan disapproval of gambling, drinking, extravagance, even, one sometimes feels, any kind of amusement or recreation. They feel as we did in the war—they must win. There is, too, a readiness to stake all on a theory, to order one's actions by a philo-

sophy, that will never seem quite natural to an Englishman.

None of this is true—or so it seems to me—of West Pakistan, which is far less given to theory, far more ready to proceed on a basis of trial and error, and far less puritan, except of course in regard to drink, which is forbidden by Islam. It may have been accident, but when we paused, as we went round the villages, from looking at crops and wells and roads, in India I was taken to a youth club where young men were reciting inspiring slogans about cleanliness and the right distance apart to plant seeds, while in Pakistan I was taken to a camel fight and an exhibition of country dancing. In northern India there is a belief in the theory of democracy which is very strong and which is being genuinely put into practice in politics and in land policy—but I was no more aware than in the old days of any widespread belief that one man is really as good as another in the eyes of God. Indeed, the Hindu religion specifically insists that souls are at different stages. In West Pakistan, on the other hand, no one really regards the idea of democracy as having any magic importance, and a ladder of class differences is recognised which in India the ruling party is



'A bullock walking slowly round to crush the sugar-cane'

P. Mason

trying to break down. But in Pakistan all men are equal when they go to pray and somehow the knowledge of that pervades everything. I think that in Pakistan a man will speak his mind more freely in the presence of a high official.

It is no doubt a chance association, but if you speak to me of the ruling class in Pakistan today, I think of men watching the polo in Lahore, the kind of people you'd see at point-to-point races in England, with check caps pulled down over their eyes and horsey coats with slanting pockets. In India, for me, the corresponding picture is a group in a club in Lucknow, talking wittily about how precious the writing in *The New Yorker* has grown recently and about how much they had enjoyed some hits at themselves in *Punch*, hits which I had thought rather bitter and unkind. Conservative aristocrat and Labour intellectual: Cavalier and Roundhead, if you like; that is how I should put the contrast into English terms.

Reality behind the Grumbling

Let me turn to things left out. I spoke of grumbling about high prices and taxation in both countries. What is the reality behind the grumbling? There are no figures really satisfying to a statistician; but very roughly the cost of living in both countries was four or five times as high in 1947—the year of independence—as in 1939, the outbreak of war. Officially, it was less than that six months ago. Taxation has gone up since 1947, but not very much. For instance, petrol pays 15 annas where it used to pay 12 annas—that sort of increase. Income tax was until a few months ago about the same. I spoke of what was said to be some slackening of police hold and some decline in law and order in the U.P. I heard much less of that in the Western Punjab; and it is notable that in the U.P. the Government is reinforcing the police and strengthening the administration in various minor ways.

There were elections in the U.P. beginning just as I left; naturally we talked about them a good deal and I found that most officials guessed that in the district I was in, however much they grumbled, the overwhelming majority of the people would prefer the devil they knew to the devil they didn't know. But the villagers themselves usually said they had not made their minds up yet, they would talk it over, and when the moment came they would all vote together. And in West Pakistan I heard the same: the whole village would vote as one man. 'We poor men do not know what votes are; we always do as the village headman tells us', one of them said.

India has carried out land reforms; Pakistan has not, though everyone is talking about them. I should guess—and incidentally hope—that any Pakistan government would be cautious about them, though I have no doubt they are needed. There are, I am told, landlords in Sind who own vast areas, but in the Western Punjab only 0.6 per cent. of the land is in the hands of people with more than 500 acres. I know of one estate of 3,000 acres

in the hands of tenants who are guided by the landowner to such good purpose that their output is three times the average of the district. Each tenant has twenty-five acres and they are better off than most men owning as much land of their own. It would be a pity to destroy that estate. Again, a great deal, perhaps half, of the land in the Western Punjab is tilled by people who own it. So that any reform has to be considered very carefully if it is not to do more harm than good and produce results that were not intended. What did strike me as wrong was the number of people I met who are tilling other people's land, paying the land revenue themselves and giving a third and sometimes even half of the crop to the nominal owner, who does nothing in return.

What about minorities? I saw nothing of East Pakistan where of course there is a very considerable Hindu minority. In West Pakistan there are virtually no Hindus or Sikhs. In India there are 40,000,000 Muslims, a high proportion of them in the area I visited

—the U.P. Here there used to be a genuine mixed culture—a fusion of Muslim and Hindu standards and ideas. But today many Muslims undoubtedly feel that they have no true place in a country where cow slaughter is forbidden and where the official language draws its strength from Sanskrit instead of Persian and Arabic, as it used to. Many Muslims in the villages I went through took me aside and complained to me bitterly, in particular saying that they had no hope of a fair share of state employment. I must add, however, that in undivided India no one in my experience ever has thought that his caste, or his district, or his religion had a fair share of state employment.

Against that let me set the case of a small market town I went to which was run by a board whose chairman was a Muslim; he had made up his mind to throw in his lot with India and look forward—instead of looking over his shoulder at Pakistan. 'We are not commanded in the Holy Quran to kill cows', he said. 'We must sacrifice something at Bakr Id but it need not be a cow—and in a country where most people venerate cows I think it reasonable that we should abstain. And we must live in this country and become part of it'. He was unusual—but in a second village I found a Muslim headman co-operating keenly with the officials; in a third a Muslim headman whose record was quite outstanding—he had won a shield for improved animal husbandry and another for village cleanliness in competition with the whole U.P. There are some Muslims in high posts in the army and civil service; that the U.P. Government is sincerely trying to treat them fairly and create a truly secular state, I have no doubt—but I must add that they have not yet succeeded in convincing most Muslims of their sincerity.

Too Many People

One overriding problem in both countries remains much in evidence. There are too many people already and the population is increasing fast. Food production can be increased, but it is a race against population—and every blow struck at disease, every life saved, means another mouth to feed. Family planning, or birth control, seems to an increasing number of observers the solution, but it is not an easy idea to spread in countries where for ages it has been the ambition of every woman to bear as many sons as she can. A few years ago even the middle classes shrank from the idea; today everyone I spoke to among the people who speak English was convinced of its importance; I was told that in some areas even the peasants were talking about it. But in other areas they laughed at the very thought of putting a bridle on nature.

I have been talking about 'problems'—and problems are real enough in a sense, but much less vivid than the phrases that come back as I remember my talks in the villages. 'What is the medicine for the high prices you complain of?' I asked one man. 'Is there a pen', he said, 'that will come down from heaven and

write in my brain what is the medicine?' And when I asked a man why he was selling his bullocks—'Will the rent drop from the sky if I don't?' he said.

I wish I could make you see the pictures that come back to me. The corner of a field in the Punjab; a bullock walking slowly round to crush the sugar-cane, the juice running out into a pot, the fire with a big pan of simmering sugar, the warm smell of molasses; an old man with the face of a hawk and a shy, sturdy young man who worked the field; there was a one-stringed guitar lying on the edge of a cot; I asked the young man to play and with his broad work-worn thumb he plucked from it a tinkling little rhythm and sang a song, one line repeated again and again: 'All the world over, Allah and his prophet are the poor man's refuge'. I wish I could make you see the green of the young wheat and the blue of the sky; the fields of the white opium poppy in India; the contorted trunk of the pipal tree, the shade of that lovely tree, the neem, like an English ash, in a U.P. village; get you to hear the creaking of the bullock-cart wheels as they carry sugar-cane to the factory;

get you to smell the spices and pepper of a village market.

And I wish I could convey to you the hospitality in every village, where the poorest of the poor would always bring out a cot for a guest to sit on and offer milk or sugar-cane juice mixed with butter-milk to drink, sugar to eat or a rolled leaf of tobacco to smoke. Let me end with one picture that comes back to memory, that may mean something—or perhaps not very much. A house in a village where I was asked to eat a meal at midday; rice and curried vegetables, curded milk, and flat wheaten cakes—they were Hindus and there was no meat. And on the walls, pictures of Pandit Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi, King George VI and the Queen of England, framed certificates from two British District Magistrates, people I used to know. Does it mean anything? Had they just forgotten to take them down? Does it mean anything that at a time when the newspapers were full of differences an Englishman was welcome wherever he went? I leave that question to you to answer—but to me it seems that in both India and Pakistan there are bonds with us in England too strong to be broken by speeches or acts of parliament.

—General Overseas Service

Dr. Adenauer's Election Campaign

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. Bonn correspondent

PERHAPS the most notable thing about the general election campaign in western Germany so far has been the astonishing vigour of the eighty-one-year-old Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer. Dr. Adenauer has infused more energy into the speech-makings than anyone else. His personality is the strongest card that the Christian Democrats hold, and they are making full use of it. For his supporters he is the embodiment of German post-war recovery. The opposition parties have been loud in their criticism of the large funds at the disposal of the ruling party, and certainly its campaign has been more lavish than the rest put together.

Dr. Adenauer has been travelling the country in a special train, addressing meetings in town and village to rally his supporters. I have just accompanied him on a tour of the northern ports. We left Bonn in the morning. The powerful, brand-new diesel locomotive pulled us swiftly and smoothly across the rolling landscape of Westphalia and Lower Saxony: we were bound for Bremen and Lubeck. The train was to be our home for the next two days. It was also a mobile government headquarters, where Dr. Adenauer and his small secretariat could keep in constant radio touch with the capital. The programme is the same each day: a meeting in the afternoon and another in the evening. To a British onlooker the arrangements are unusual. Dr. Adenauer does not descend into the dusty arena. He does not harangue the crowd in the market place. The meetings are held indoors and admission is by ticket which usually costs about two shillings. The hall is invariably full.

Bremen is a Socialist stronghold and the party officials accompanying us were ill at ease, fearing possible incidents. Dr. Adenauer's convoy of cars sped, with police sirens blaring, from the station to the assembly hall, travelling too fast, perhaps, for him to take in all the hostile opposition posters which lined the route. Many of them were caricatures of the Chancellor, who is the German cartoonist's delight. Inside the hall about 7,000 faithful supporters were waiting with an overflow of several thousand more outside, who had to be content with a loudspeaker relay of the speeches. They were a fair cross-section of the German middle class, decently dressed, subdued, content, and quite prepared to be told how well-off they are today. The stewards were more numerous than the occasion seemed to call for; young party stalwarts who would fuss too much over a late-comer.

As is usual at these meetings, the Church was well represented, and when the Chancellor makes a point it is nothing strange to see a group of nuns in the front seats applauding vigorously. The Germans like their speeches long and emphatic. Dr. Adenauer did not disappoint them. He spoke for nearly two hours and it was quite a performance: he berated his opponents lustily; he

quoted, with relish, from Socialist leaders living and dead, faded statements from the limbo of politics or bold claims that had since been belied by events. It was all much to his listeners' taste.

The main theme of the speech was prosperity. The Government's record was the party's election programme. He read out a long list of figures contrasting conditions today with those of a few years ago. The documentation was impressive: the average German was today eating more and better; he had his 'frig.', his television set, his new home. More than 4,000,000 houses had been built since the war. The German mark was today as firm as the dollar, and so on. The figures were incontestable: they were the framework of the economic miracle which had put a prostrate country on its feet. Not a man in that large, approving audience could disagree. That is what we thought; but suddenly, during a pause, a solitary heckler raised his voice in lonely protest. The effect was startling. He was questioning the tablets of the law. Heads turned and faces stiffened. Half a dozen excited stewards grabbed him. There was a scuffle and for a few moments he was roughly handled, until the Chancellor called on the stewards to desist. Order returned; the appalling indiscretion was forgotten and the offender remained in his seat, crouched for the rest of the evening in silent disagreement.

The speech rolled on majestically, a catalogue of economic success. It was only when Dr. Adenauer turned to foreign affairs that interest began to flag, but the ovation at the end was loud and long. There was no question time; it is not customary; indeed one felt that only one man in that blissful audience would have had any questions at all to ask.

It was ten-thirty when Dr. Adenauer returned to the train. He had made two major speeches and attended to affairs of state, and yet he gave no hint of fatigue. The next day the routine would be the same. We were parked in a railway siding for the night. A colleague and I took a walk before going to bed. There was no one about except the modest police escort that accompanies the Chancellor, and the Alsatian police dog on a lead which, we discovered, had no liking for strangers.

On the last night on the train Dr. Adenauer came into our dining car to talk to the press. It was midnight and the end of another tiring day. He chatted gaily and frankly for nearly an hour, sipping white wine throughout. Protocol and affairs of state were set aside. The Chancellor was relaxed and playful, and yet the abiding impression we were left with was of his political astuteness, his strength of purpose, his iron constitution and, above all, his supreme self-confidence. Someone asked him how he would spend election night when the results started coming in. He laughed and said: 'I shall do as I did last time. Go to bed at eleven o'clock'.

—From Our Own Correspondent (Home Service)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Science and Politics

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science is holding its 119th annual meeting this week. The pundits have gathered at Dublin and the presidential address, which was given by Professor P. M. S. Blackett, was broadcast in full in the Home Service yesterday. We publish on another page a broadcast version of the address which Professor Blackett prepared for the General Overseas Service of the B.B.C. One is struck upon reading the notices of the meeting by the width of the agenda. For not only does it comprise the physical and biological sciences but also archaeology and anthropology, economics, education and psychology. Why, one wonders, is modern history left out? For is it not true to say of the twentieth century that 'we are all scientists now'? At any rate the President is willing enough to spread his wings. For although Professor Blackett has achieved world distinction in nuclear physics he has elected to address the meeting not upon a question that directly concerns the physical sciences but upon one which primarily concerns economists, politicians, and moral philosophers, namely the responsibility of the western world towards the so-called underdeveloped countries. One cannot fail to admire his boldness in donning the garb of a political scientist and in expounding statistics and economic history to his expert colleagues, while no doubt some members of his audience will wonder whether so controversial a political subject is appropriate to the occasion. However, Professor Blackett may well reply that the complaint is often made that scientists are unwilling to examine the consequences of their discoveries, and that this is precisely what he is now doing. Others may feel that such an accusation is unfounded and that nuclear scientists in particular have by no means been reticent in expressing their political opinions in recent times.

Readers will be able to examine the nature of Professor Blackett's argument which is, broadly, that the West ought to give 'massive' economic aid to Asia for a number of reasons, both realistic and altruistic. Such assistance has been furnished in the past, notably by the United States of America which—for whatever motives—has been extraordinarily generous since the war ended, while we too in days of very considerable economic difficulty for ourselves have afforded aid both through the Colombo plan and to individual nations which belonged to the Commonwealth or have achieved their independence. Such Asiatic nations are naturally in a hurry to raise their standard of living and to benefit from the discoveries of modern science. India, for example, has subjected herself to crushing taxation—even more crushing than in our own country—in order to build for the future. And there are few who do not want such nations to be prosperous. Economists have long abandoned the notion that one nation can only grow rich at the expense of another.

Of course, as Professor Blackett points out, these underdeveloped Asiatic countries have problems of their own. Both India and China are handicapped by the pressure of a high birth-rate upon their national resources. In India it is difficult for religious reasons to engage in what is euphemistically called family planning, although money is spent upon clinics. The question of priorities between investment at home and abroad is always exceptionally difficult, and it is probably not one to which any one science can supply an answer.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcast comments on Russia's new weapon

AT 9 P.M. ON AUGUST 26, Moscow radio announced the successful testing of an inter-continental ballistic rocket which, it said, showed that rockets could now be directed to any part of the world. Coupled with this extensively publicised announcement, there was severe criticism of the West's alleged negative attitude on ending nuclear tests and banning nuclear weapons. On August 29, Moscow radio announced that the full text of Mr. Zorin's speech at the London disarmament conference—bitterly attacking the Western Powers—had been published in the Soviet press. On August 30 a Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* spoke of the wasted efforts at the disarmament talks, which the Western Powers were merely using to cloak their feverish military preparations. It said that Asia, Africa, and Latin America should be represented on the disarmament sub-committee. It added that the successful testing of the Soviet rocket was 'a blow to all supporters of a policy of strength'. In other Moscow broadcasts the rocket was described as 'a valuable contribution to peace'. Moscow broadcasts quoted extensively from foreign press reaction—especially articles on the shift in the balance of power in favour of the Soviet Union. According to a Moscow foreign language broadcast:

The U.S.A. and her western allies have hitherto attempted to conduct the current disarmament talks from the notorious position of strength, deceiving themselves with hopes of American superiority over the U.S.S.R. in the field of nuclear armament. Now these hopes have received a crushing blow.

English listeners were told that the Soviet rocket announcement should 'cool off those 'hotheads' who, like General Norstad, planned to attack the U.S.S.R. from four sides'. Italian listeners were told that it was useless to threaten the U.S.S.R.: the West must take the road of realistic agreement on disarmament.

There was extensive comment from the satellite countries, which emphasised that now 'a new world war would mean the annihilation of . . . America, as well'. It was claimed again and again that it was fortunate for the future of humanity that this new weapon was in the hands of 'a Power dedicated to the cause of world peace'. The United States policy of ringing the U.S.S.R. with bases had now become pointless. East German broadcasts gave publicity to the article in the Soviet air journal giving details about the destructive power of the new rocket. Egyptian broadcasts, noting President Eisenhower's statement that the U.S.A. 'would spare no effort to save humanity from the evils of these destructive weapons', then reviewed the U.S.A.'s 'premeditated crimes' in the Middle East. Israel radio quoted *Shearim* for the view that the Soviet rocket announcement was 'a sequel to the blow which the Soviet Union dealt to the West in Syria and was intended . . . to bar any possible western action against Syria'. From Switzerland, *Bund* was quoted as commenting:

It is well-known tactics of totalitarian regimes always to accuse their opponents of the things they are doing or are intending to do themselves. Hitler practised this game to the point of wearing it out. Moscow, too, continually plays a double game. It asserts that it pursues a 'peace-loving policy' and resorts—as in Hungary—to the most brutal force, if it suits its purpose. Now the West is being accused of delaying the disarmament talks in order to increase production of all kinds of weapons, and especially mass-destruction weapons. And this is being alleged at the same moment at which Moscow announces triumphantly that it has successfully tested an inter-continental ballistic missile.

Many western commentators expressed fears of a stepping-up of the arms race. A few doubted whether the Soviet Union had gained any lead over the West as regards operational weapons. From the U.S.A. the press did not appear to share Admiral Radford's satisfaction with America's progress in missiles. The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying that if Russia mass produces missiles before the United States can do so, she will be able to use atomic blackmail on the free world almost at will. It called for a restoration of the cuts in the Defence Department's budget for research, saying:

There is no time for wait-and-see tactics. Where the balance of power is at stake, the free world must stay ahead or perish.

Did You Hear That?

HOME OF THE VERNEYS

'THE WEST WING of Claydon House', said ELIZABETH COXHEAD in 'Town and Country', 'has been called the best example of eighteenth-century rococo in this country. It consists of four enormous rooms, the ceilings entirely and the walls partly covered with incredibly elaborate carving and moulding. In the saloon are Van Dyck portraits of the Verney family at the time of the Civil War, when they were divided in sympathies. Sir Edmund Verney was King Charles' standard-bearer and fell at Edgehill, and his son Ralph sat in the Long Parliament. There is also an inlaid staircase which cost £100 a stair to build, with a wrought-iron railing of heads of corn so delicately poised that they rustle like real corn when anyone treads the stairs.

'Behind all this magnificence there lies a queer story. It was the second Earl Verney who got delusions of grandeur and decided to turn his cosy manor house into a palace, and he engaged a brilliant decorator called Lightfoot to do the job. Unluckily for the Earl, he contracted at so much per square foot for the decorations instead of so much per room; that is why they are so lavish and why, when Lightfoot presented the bill, the Earl found himself unable to pay and had to flee to the Continent, where he died bankrupt without ever having enjoyed his wonderful house.

'You would think the poor man's ghost would haunt Claydon. There is a ghost, but it is supposed to be the Civil War Sir Edmund, looking for the hand which clasped the standard and was hacked from his dead body after the battle. And there could be many others, for the Verneys have lived here for 500 years and most of them were great characters. Their family papers were collected and published by Florence Nightingale's sister Parthenope, who married a Verney, and Miss Nightingale herself often stayed here. The rooms she used are on the first floor of the west wing, and they will be open to the public next year as a little Nightingale museum. After the Crimea, Florence was a semi-invalid and spent most of her time on the sofa, and Parthenope did the same, though the family have always believed there was nothing wrong with her—she just didn't want to be outdone by Florence. The two sisters would send notes to each other by a housemaid, and to this day it often happens that Major Verney takes down a book from the library shelves and out of it flutters some bit of Nightingale handwriting.

'But the most attractive thing of all about Claydon is that it is so alive. It is not a museum piece, and that is because the Verneys are still there. Major Verney and his young family live in the Jacobean part of the house, and run the estate most efficiently—they have added apples and blackcurrants to traditional farming, and the last word in apple-grading machines occupies what was the old

brewhouse. The former kitchen and servants' hall have become a club for the estate workers, where they run their own bar at weekends. The former reservoir has been turned into a swimming-pool, there are chamber-music concerts in the drawing-room, and there is cricket in the park. In fact, Claydon is still what most great houses have ceased to be—a real focal point of life and culture and amusement for a whole countryside'.

MEMORIES OF A GARDENER

'IN 1897', said WILLIAM ROWLES in a Home Service talk, 'I became an apprentice at Crewe Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Crewe, where there were eighteen gardeners. My wages were 15s. a week, out of which I had to pay the head gardener 2s. a week for teaching me my trade. I lived with five other single men in a bothy. A bothy was the lodging for young men who aimed at becoming head gardeners: it was just a lean-to shed at the back of the vineries. There was a long narrow living-room with a minimum of furniture, a small scullery, and a pantry. The sleeping quarters were over the stables.

'We took it in turns to cook the breakfast, and then the wife of one of the labourers came in to clean and wash up, cook the dinner, and later lay the tea. We were allowed free lodging, milk, fuel, light, and vegetables, and our hours were from six in the morn-



Ralph, 2nd Earl Verney, who 'got delusions of grandeur'; and (left) the staircase in Claydon House with its wrought iron railing of 'heads of corn . . . which rustle when anyone treads the stairs'



ing till six in the evening (less an hour and a half for meals), and four o'clock on Saturday. The only holidays we had were Christmas Day and Good Friday. Our work was mainly in the greenhouses, and we took turns to look after the greenhouse fires after working hours and on Sunday.

'The gardens of Crewe Hall were very extensive. The walled kitchen garden was three-and-a-half acres, and in it were many fruit and plant houses. Two large glass-houses were used mainly for growing pine-apples, and some bananas as well. Even in winter these houses were kept at a night temperature of seventy degrees, so we had plenty of

hard stoking to do. There were also two houses for growing orchids. Besides these glass-houses there was a large conservatory beautifully designed in three sections. Two large boilers kept the biggest central section at a temperature of forty-five to fifty, another at fifty to sixty, and the third, for tropical plants, at sixty-five to seventy degrees.

'The head gardener was a veteran of eighty and had been trained at Kew Gardens. He wore a long black coat, and a hat, known as a "Muller's Cut-down". He did no hard work and was a strict disciplinarian. We dreaded his very appearance. I remember that, probably because he was trained in the early nineteenth century, the record of supplies to the mansion was written with a quill pen, and the undried ink sprinkled with sand.

'One of our jobs in the summer months would be the mowing of the lawns. Motor mowers were unknown then, and the work was done by a large mower drawn by a horse. To prevent damage to the turf the horse's hoofs were fitted with leather boots, and if there were yew hedges within reach the horse was muzzled to stop it poisoning itself. To prevent what I had better call "defilement" of the lawn a capable horseman stood by and when there were, as he thought, evident signs he would unhitch the horse and take it to a secluded shrubbery and encourage it by whistling'.

WEATHER AND I.G.Y.

'I want to tell you a little of what meteorologists hope to do during the International Geophysical Year', said SIR GRAHAM SUTTON, F.R.S., in the General Overseas Service, 'and also why they are doing such things.

'We live at the bottom of an ocean of air, and for human life the most important thing about this ocean is that it is always on the move. It is because of this motion that water, which is so essential for life, is distributed as rain and snow over the surface of the globe, and I need hardly remind you of the part played by the wind in scattering seeds and pollen, to say nothing of cleansing our great cities from pollution. So wind is something essential for life, and the study of the winds goes back a long way, to the earliest days of sail at least.

'It was not long before sailors, once they began to venture away from their own coastlines, discovered that there was some sort of regularity in the movements of the atmosphere. They found, for example, that as they went into the tropics they ran into a belt of fairly steady north-east winds in the northern hemisphere, and these they called the "trade winds". Near the equator is the belt of calms and sudden squalls, which they learned to fear, called the "doldrums". A great deal of Europe and North America lies in what we call the "westerlies", a region in which westerly or south-westerly winds are more frequent than others, and in which we have the familiar endless succession of disturbances which we call depressions and anti-cyclones. These disturbances determine the day-to-day character of the weather in these regions. Further north, in the Arctic region, the winds are mainly easterly.

'We call this pattern of winds "the general circulation of the atmosphere" and one of the prime objects of the International Geophysical Year is to get to know something more about it, especially at great heights. It is only fairly recently, within the last twenty years or so, that really reliable means of measuring

the movement of the air, and its pressure, temperature and humidity, at great heights, have been devised, and it is a matter of great importance to get as many such measurements as possible. Otherwise, the picture of the general circulation is incomplete. The upper air has still some mysteries. It came as a great surprise, for example, when it was discovered at the beginning of this century that at heights above about 30,000 feet the temperature of the air ceased to fall with height. This is the region we call the stratosphere. Since the war we have paid a great deal of attention to another peculiar feature of the high atmosphere, called jet-streams. These are narrow rivers of air, not more than about a hundred miles across, which circulate the globe between 20,000 and 30,000 feet at extremely high speeds, sometimes as high as 200 miles an hour. We are still uncertain regarding their cause, but they play a great part in the general circulation.

'The problem which the meteorologist would like to solve may be summed up in this way. All the energy of motion in the atmosphere comes from the sun. Can we trace the transformation of energy from the sun's rays to the motion of the air, and thence to what we call "weather"—that is, rain, snow, clouds, and the like? This is probably the most difficult problem left in classical physics, and the first step to its solution must be to get as much information as possible. That is why, during the International Geophysical Year, a tremendous effort is being made by meteorologists all over the world to increase their measurements of wind, temperature, humidity, pressure, and also of the incoming and outgoing radiation. This is being done mainly by arranging that meteorological stations which are situated on or near selected meridians (lines running north and south) will increase their daily ascents of sounding balloons, and make every effort to get to the greatest heights possible, up to 100,000 feet and more. Another great international effort is being made in



Meteorologists all over the world are increasing the number of their measurements with sounding balloons during the geophysical year: a balloon being released by a meteorological team in Delhi

Antarctica, so that the picture of the atmosphere will be as complete as possible.

'What, you may ask, will be the ultimate benefit to mankind of this tremendous and costly effort? First of all, it will increase our scientific knowledge and this is a worthy end in itself. But there are other reasons why we need this knowledge. You are doubtless aware that so far very little progress has been made with what meteorologists call "long-range forecasting"—that is, forecasting the general nature of the weather for a month or more ahead. Despite all the efforts that have been put into this study, no one can give with confidence a forecast of the weather of next winter. We cannot yet say even if it will be severe or mild. But it would be of the greatest economic importance to have even a broad statement of what the weather will be like several months ahead. It would help especially farmers, fuel experts, travellers, sportsmen and so on if we could make reliable predictions of this nature. The character of the weather we experience during a season depends on the large-scale movements of the atmosphere, and it is to the kind of world-wide study planned for the International Geophysical Year that we must look if we are to make any progress at all in long-range weather forecasting.

'Another reason for carrying out this tremendous work is that this is the age of air travel; we need to know the complete pattern of upper-air currents just as much as our ancestors needed to know the pattern of ocean currents and surface winds'.

Russian Foreign Policy: a Historical Lesson

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

IT would not be far wrong to say that one of the major ingredients in Hitler's astonishing success was the refusal of ordinary folk—and of the ordinary sort of people who normally come to power under the parliamentary regimes in the West—to believe that he was as wicked as he said he was. His programme of racial discrimination and national expansion was all to be found in the pages of *Mein Kampf*. Yet few people outside Germany thought it necessary to read that tedious book; and most of those who did found it impossible to believe that the man who came to rule Germany would want to carry out the wicked and crazy ideas that he had hatched in his idle days of unemployment.

It seems to me that the attitude of people in the western world to the Soviet Union and its Government has much the same characteristics. There is a general unwillingness to believe that the unpleasant parts of their policy statements are seriously intended. It is true that there is widespread suspicion of Soviet motives, and that Soviet declarations often arouse general hostility. But when it comes to accepting the evidence supplied by the Russians themselves for their ambitions in the international field, then there is an almost wilful absence of perception. The mind is unresponsive. There is an unwillingness to understand that the Russians mean what they say.

Unchanging Pattern

The evidence for that goes back much further than did *Mein Kampf* as a sign of what Hitler intended. For the foreign policy of the Soviet leaders conforms to a pattern that has remained almost unchanged since the time of Peter the Great. The definition of it that Lord Palmerston supplied about a hundred years ago remains perfectly valid. The Russian Government, he said, while perpetually declaring that they wanted no increase in territory, added large areas to the empire of the Tsars every year. The foreign policy of the Soviet Government has much more in common with the old Russian imperialism than with the revolutionary precepts of Karl Marx.

Considered against that background there was nothing really surprising about the partition of Poland in 1939; or the Russian seizure of eastern Europe after the war; about the destruction of Czechoslovak independence in 1948; or about the massacre of Budapest last December. They were all in line with the Russian policy of expansion; and about their intention to expand there had been no secret for some time: certainly not since the Russian attack on Finland in the winter of 1939. A full account of that unexpected act of aggression has just been published in English, together with all the relevant documents*. It shows, first, how the Russians tried to undermine the Finnish Government's will to resist; then how they tried to intimidate public opinion with crude warnings and threats; and how they successfully frightened old friends and neighbours into a pale neutrality—until finally Finland stood entirely alone against the Russian invasion. The author of the book, Mr. Tanner, is one of the most respected of Finnish Socialist leaders, who was Foreign Minister in the Coalition Government formed at the end of 1939 to meet the Russian threat.

This book deal with events that happened some twenty years ago, but it is highly topical, especially in the context of Soviet policy in eastern Europe. For it helps us to understand how consistent Soviet foreign policy has been over the past twenty years or so, and how little things have changed since the death of Stalin—or, indeed, since the nineteenth century. No less, it illustrates the contempt in which Russian leaders hold world opinion, in that they apparently do not consider it necessary to dress up the same old crimes with fresh excuses. They just hand out the same old stories in the certainty that sufficiently large numbers of people, once they have got over their immediate shock, will eventually allow themselves to be hoodwinked.

Take, for example, that assertion that the Red Army went into Hungary on the invitation of the Hungarian Government, first of Mr. Nagy, then of Mr. Kadar. The Soviet Government produced precisely the same tale about the Finnish Government in 1939. In a telegram to the League of Nations in Geneva, they said that they had been asked to intervene in Finland by the Finnish Communist leader, Otto Kuusinen, to stop the war-mongers from going into action. The request had come, they said, from what they called the Finnish Democratic Republic—a regime that Stalin had invented, with Mr. Kuusinen's help, in the hope of making aggression look respectable. Mr. Kuusinen, by the way, has just been raised to new heights of political eminence by Mr. Khrushchev himself. He has been admitted into the Presidium of the Central Committee, and appointed to the Secretariat of the party.

Mr. Tanner's book reflects another precedent for current Soviet behaviour, this time in the economic sphere. At the time of the Cominform affair in 1948 it all came out how the Russians were exploiting Yugoslavia and the rest of eastern Europe. About a year ago, the present leaders of Poland reported, in particular, that the Russians had been taking Polish coal for years at a price equal to about one fifth of the world price. Mr. Tanner shows that this kind of Soviet exploitation is an old and familiar story; for he records what the Estonian Government told him in the autumn of 1939. Estonia at that time had only just signed a treaty of mutual assistance with the Soviet Government; a treaty that was soon to lead to her political extinction. The Estonians told Mr. Tanner that things were going badly; and that not even the trade agreement was working properly. They explained that the prices fixed for Russian goods were too high, and those the Russians were paying for Estonian produce were far too low. It was this same pattern of exploitation that was imposed upon the whole of eastern Europe after 1945 and that has since converted the rich farm lands of Poland and Hungary into a vast area of destitution.

Stalin's Ambitions

Mr. Tanner's reports of his conversations with Stalin leave no doubts about the ambitions of the dictator. Again and again during their talks Stalin referred to the territories that were once in the possession of Tsarist Russia. He kept on reminding the Finns of his reasonableness in not asking them to surrender a great deal more—perhaps everything, for, after all, the Tsars had ruled over the whole of Finland at the climax of their power. It is worth recalling, in this connection, that the most nostalgic reference to Tsarist days appeared in Stalin's proclamation to the Soviet people after the defeat of Japan in 1945. He recalled that Russia had waited for forty years to avenge the defeat of the Tsarist forces in 1904—and so gave the lie to almost everything the Communist leaders, in the intervening years, had said about imperialist wars.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that it was Stalin's hope and policy to re-establish all the frontiers of Tsarist Russia; and that his associates supported him in those ideas. Everything in Mr. Tanner's book tends to confirm that impression. If the Russians did not absorb the whole of Finland—in the way they absorbed the other Baltic states—that can be due only to the ferocity of Finnish resistance; and perhaps to the intervention of Madame Kollontay, the only one of the surviving old Bolsheviks who seems to have had the courage to plead with the dictator. Mr. Isaac Deutscher has suggested that what he calls Stalin's exceptional mildness towards Finland may have been due to the fact that Stalin himself had proclaimed Finnish independence at his first appearance, on a major occasion, as Commissar of Nationalities. I find it hard to believe that Stalin ever allowed feelings of this sort to influence his policy.

* *The Winter War*. By Vaino Tanner. Oxford (for Stanford University Press). 40s.

In the light of the evidence now available, it is clear that Stalin's ideas about the right frontiers for Russia were similar to those held in St. Petersburg in 1914 and 1915. The Tsarist Government in those early days still found it possible to be hopeful about the outcome of the war; and the prizes for which Russia had intrigued and fought for so long seemed at last to be within her reach. If all went well, she would become the predominant power in eastern Europe and the overlord of all the Slavs; she would get control over Constantinople and the Straits; and she would be rewarded with a permanent foothold in northern Persia. Stalin achieved the first objective within three years after the end of the second world war. As for Constantinople, the Straits and also northern Persia—which the Western Powers had promised to the Tsar in 1915—they remained out of his reach, although he tried in 1946 to hold on to what he had gained in Persia during the war. It would be rash to say that these aims have been abandoned.

A great deal of what has happened since 1945—the international tension, the sudden difficulties now in this field and now in that—makes sense on this assumption: that the aim of the Soviet Government was and still is to extend Russian power to the borders of Tsardom. The documents on Nazi-Soviet relations in the files of the German Foreign Office that fell into the hands of the western armies leave no doubt on this score. Mr. Tanner's recollections of his talks with Stalin add personal touches that give flesh and blood to the story derived from the German files. No wonder Stalin hated him, and instructed his agents in Finland to do everything possible to keep Mr. Tanner out of Finnish public life.

Successful Expansion and Aggression

It is not enough to say that Soviet foreign policy has been consistently expansionist and aggressive for some twenty years. We have also to ask ourselves why it has been so generally successful. Circumstances, of course, have been in favour of the Soviet leaders. There has been that unwillingness to face the facts and to apply the lessons of Russian history. As a result, any Soviet act of aggression, by some curious paradox, still seems to lead after a short interval to the birth of yet another hope that a new age of peace is at hand, a new age of cordial relations with the Soviet Union. People had the same sort of expectant hopes about living at peace with the Germans, after every one of Hitler's recurrent acts of aggression, each of them 'my last territorial demand in Europe'. They talked of those hopes after the Nazis had walked into the Rhineland; after the annexation of Austria; after the Munich agreement...

Consider, for example, the anger and disgust we all felt when the Russians plucked the heart from the Hungarian insurrection in the autumn of last year. They have all practically evaporated. Once again the hope is rising that the Soviet leaders are turning over a new leaf; and that with a little effort here and a small concession there, a long period of peaceful coexistence is ours for the asking. Mr. Molotov, after all, has been put away in the attic with the rest of the unwanted furniture from the Stalin age; and the new men who now have the power will hardly want to go on sowing the hatred and ill-will that he seemed to thrive on. So now all we have to do is to forget that unfortunate Hungarian affair—and hope for the best.

But that is precisely what we have been doing for nearly twenty years: overlooking constant acts of aggression and hoping for the best. One of the reasons, as I have just pointed out, is that many people tend to look upon Russian actions as isolated incidents, as some kind of aberration—unfortunate, perhaps, yet not necessarily in the main stream of Soviet policy or of Russian history. It has even been argued that the Russian desire for security is so intense and so passionate that one must make allowances for the most abominable of their crimes. The Hungarian insurrection threatened the Russian security system in eastern Europe—at least, so ran the story. Therefore the intervention of the Red Army was abundantly justified: since we all knew how sensitive the Russians are about their security.

The effect of these arguments is to obscure the fact that Soviet foreign policy—under Stalin, under Molotov, under Malenkov and under Khrushchev—has been consistently aggressive and expansionist. It has throughout been inspired by a heartless

realism. No political leaders in the twentieth century have shown anything like the same skill and judgement in analysing the elements of a power problem. In contrast, perhaps because the real nature of Soviet policy has been obscured, the foreign policies of the western world have rested largely on sentiment and illusions and wishful thinking, and sometimes even on bluff. It is hardly surprising, then, that when Soviet power has moved to give effect to the long-term aims of the Soviet leaders, western policy has collapsed like a house of cards.

In telling the story of Finland's isolation in the winter war, Mr. Tanner's book is as instructive about the weakness of the West as it is about the aims of Moscow. When the Russians attacked, the Finns had had certain promises of help from London and Paris, although Mr. Tanner does not seem to have accepted them at their face value—a spirit of scepticism that later events fully justified. The United States, he recalls, was sympathetic; and actually gave the Finnish Government half the money that they had asked for. The Germans, who in different circumstances might well have offered useful help, had signed a treaty with the Russians and had promised Stalin they would not interfere. Only the Swedes remained: the Swedes who in the 'thirties, under the heart-warming influence of brandy and cigars, had spoken with such feeling about their kinsmen over the water.

In the 'thirties, the Swedes had noted with concern that in the face of growing Russian power, some Finns were tending to look to Germany for friendship and support. The possibility that the Finnish Government might adopt a wholly German orientation did not appeal to them, since that would inevitably have drawn the whole of the Scandinavian north into the great-power rivalries of the time. The then Foreign Minister of Sweden, Mr. Sandler, made special efforts to wean the Finns away from all dangerous friendships. He was so successful that when the crisis came at the end of 1939, the Finns naturally turned to the Swedish Government and its Scandinavian associates for help. They wanted an organised volunteer force to be sent to fight alongside them. They also wanted permission for an Anglo-French force to cross Norway and Sweden into Finland. At the height of the crisis, Mr. Tanner made a personal appeal for help to his old friend Mr. Hansson, the Socialist Prime Minister of Sweden. Mr. Hansson turned him down. He explained that his hands were tied; the Swedes, he said, were a complacent people who wanted to be left in peace. Some days later another Swedish Minister explained to the Finnish Government that the people of Sweden would not understand it if their country were turned into a battlefield just for the sake of saving Viborg.

Correct Analysis of Power Factors

So the moral of Mr. Tanner's tale is that the Russians succeeded because they had made a correct analysis of the power factors at the time. They had squared the Germans; and they could safely assume that the self-interest of the Swedes would effectively prevent any kind of useful intervention from the West. If Swedish policy is to be criticised, it is not because they failed to send an army into Finland in the winter of 1939: it is because they allowed the Finns to hope that there might come a time when the Swedes would be prepared to regard a threat to the territorial integrity of Finland as being just as serious as a threat to the territorial integrity of Sweden. The Russians judged correctly that the Swedes would not move.

In other and more recent cases they seem also to have judged correctly that western promises and fine sentiments have no real content. How much is there left now of the warm promises of peaceful liberation that the Republican leaders in the United States, during their election campaign in 1952, scattered so freely among the enslaved peoples of Eastern Europe? The great independence loans that the Poles were hoping for, the loans that were going to put them on their feet, have not been granted. And the Hungarians have been driven back into their Stalinist torture chambers.

It is not the fact that fine promises are made that is so damaging. It is that they turn out to be hollow and meaningless when the Russians test them. That, probably, is the most important lesson of the Finnish winter war—even more important, perhaps, than the demonstration it provided of the remarkable continuity of Russian foreign policy.—*Third Programme.*

Art Studio Conversations in Soviet Russia

By DENIS MATHEWS

I HAVE recently come back from Russia; I was visiting painters there. The discussions I have had with them make a composite and, I think, consistent picture of their outlook. Everywhere I went I asked questions: 'Have the political relaxations since the twentieth congress of the Communist Party been the cause of the more spirited painting to be seen in the recent exhibitions?' 'Would the more recent Artists' Union congress encourage a more experimental approach?' The answers were not simple, but in general I think that in the West we are putting too much emphasis on the political attitudes. In all fields of activity there is a relaxation from doctrinaire points of view. In the arts the changing attitude was mainly an aesthetic revolution.

I had my last meeting in Leningrad. I talked with the theatrical designer Konstaninovsky in his semi-circular penthouse studio, on top of a new eight-storey block of flats. Konstaninovsky's wife makes puppets for the puppet-theatre. The studio was elegant and much more orderly than mine. Chinese scroll paintings hung on the walls; a Siamese cat washed herself among the ornaments and the T'ang figures on a table. The conversation over coffee confirmed earlier discussions in Georgia, the Ukraine, and Moscow. There had been growing dissatisfaction with the management of the Artists' Union. Old academic diehards had been the restrictive influence as far as the painters were concerned. 'Jobs for the boys', someone had whispered to me. Shades of past Chantrey Bequest purchases crossed my mind.

Public taste was changing. Artists wished to express themselves in a more pictorial manner. But—and Konstaninovsky stressed this—it was fair to say that the Russian temperament was the real reason why the East and West differed over painting. The literary flavour was more important to the Russian. It is evident in their writing and the theatre. It probably accounted for the Soviet artist's greater success in illustration. This was Konstaninovsky's own field. He had just finished illustrating *Oliver Twist*. The drawings had a real feeling for the nineteenth-century scene. His influence, he freely admitted it, was Gustave Doré. 'A romantic', he said: 'he had some of that selected exaggeration of Dickens himself'. The interest in psychological content had not been superimposed by Marxist-Leninism: it was a national predisposition. Our own minority group of abstract and *tachiste* schools back here in Britain hold no interest for them whatsoever.

I would have added surrealism as well, had it not been for an odd exhibition I saw in Tbilisi, in Georgia; it was a large retrospective exhibition of the work of Gudiashvili, his first big one-man show. He is considered to be unlike any other Soviet painter. The pictures, conventional in technique, often had extraordinary subject-matter.

Let me describe some of them. A lion, benignly amused, was sitting on a bed beside a recumbent nude—distantly reminiscent of one of Douanier Rousseau's figures, incongruously placed in a forest, or in a jungle. In another large canvas, a



The Russian painter, Andrew Goncharov, with some of his canvases

similar ample nude was posed beside two strange animal-headed scarecrow figures in a stormy landscape. 'Not surrealism', I was assured, as though I had been rather rude, 'but fantasy'.

The painter himself, who had spent some years in Paris in the nineteen-twenties, remained amiably aloof from this part of the discussion. Many of the pictures had an opulent vulgarity. A recurrent theme, which seemed of real interest not only to this artist but to many other Georgian painters too, was that of the exuberant and rather lavish charms of models almost too robust for Rubens himself. One of them was a picture of a plump girl, full length on a raft, accompanied on her river journey by a pig playing a trumpet; the gallery director explained, somewhat earnestly, something about the submission of beauty to the bestial passions. A rather involved explanation through the interpreter led to all manner of linguistic complications, which were beside the point since Mr. Gudiashvili remarked rather drily in French that he had been trying to illustrate the delirium of an invalid.

This diversion only shows that the work being done, and exhibited too, is by no means restricted to conventional canvases of banal uplift: of worker heroes tilling the virgin lands; or of a land-girl's love for her tractor. Socialist realism is given handsome lip-service, but everyone seems happy to settle for realism, unqualified. With all the lilac and birch trees hanging



Oliver blacking the boots of the Artful Dodger: one of Alexander Konstaninovsky's illustrations to *Oliver Twist*

in the hotels and public buildings, I do not see that there is any other course.

They are determined on realism. Abstraction to them is a blind alley; it could remain alive in craftwork and ornament, one painter said, but the artist as an interpreter of life must make individual comment on objective realities. The hero worship of the Stalin era had worked against this, but the artists themselves realised it and got on in their own way. Public criticisms had appeared in the press. Compromise could be avoided by the individual's strength of character. The fact remained, and this was a universal wish, realism was the order of the day, and it is not considered to be an infringement of artistic freedom. The meaning of the word 'realism' varies according to the sophistication of the artist. 'Matisse is a realist', Goncharov said; behind his working desk was a reproduction of one; and beside it hung a Chi Pai Shih, the ninety-six-year-old Chinese veteran; a Manet portrait print was pinned on another wall.

Goncharov's own work has shown an increasing bias towards the brilliant and flat decoration of Matisse. His affection for Marquet was consistent with the painting all round his flat. 'The picture must have touchability for me', he said. 'Poetry, yes. The image must be something I can handle. Bonnard and Vuillard are beautiful painters. I love their pictures. Who wouldn't? But the world of Marquet is something I can put my hands on'.

Candour and Sensitivity

I found Goncharov to be a man of delightful candour and rare sensitivity. I speculated on the background of the man—strong faced, relaxed, perhaps fifty-four, and so obviously at ease. We were not in his studio, but in his flat. He often worked at home; he preferred it. 'Picture making', he said, 'is an extension of living, not something you go to a workshop to carry out'.

We sat drinking a bottle of Georgian brandy and talked about the artist's life in Moscow—in London; how we earned our livings. 'I've had a frivolous life and got by', he said. The theatre and book illustration were his sources of income. It was an obvious godsend to an experimental painter. He was in charge of the illustration department of a large publishing house. His own work in this field was of the highest quality. The wood-engraving craft and the graphic arts generally are of a higher standard than painting in the U.S.S.R. They always were. Goncharov's reputation rested on his graphic work. Did his paintings sell? To a limited extent. He showed sometimes in the smaller galleries, and private collectors bought his pictures. The Art Fund and the various state organisations for purchasing had not showed much interest in him; that was life; he didn't suppose it was very different anywhere. Official attitudes to the more experimental art forms are much the same the world over, he thought; but why should one worry about that so long as there is regular work? He pushed back his chair and tapped the wood block on which he had been working when I interrupted him. 'I'm paid by the square centimetre. This will bring me about 1,000 roubles'. It was a block about the size of the palm of your hand; so you can see that the artist is quite comfortably off.

'On the whole', Goncharov went on, 'the graphic artists are better off. In the first place their work is of a higher standard than their painting. There is a better tradition. Our painting is weaker; with you it is the other way round. As you know only too well, the buyer pulls the strings. The theatre and the publishing houses here allow more individual choice and wider scope than the exhibition'.

I asked: 'Surely the attempt to make pictures understood by everyone results in such gross simplification as to strip painting of its real purpose?'

'It's a question of balance', Goncharov replied. 'We're against an obscurantist sophistication which constructs a private and secret world for its own sake. On the other hand the artist must avoid the simple aim of pleasing by recipe methods: just to divert or entertain the public. He must delve underneath the obvious naturalism to the realism which will enrich future generations as well as the people of his own time. Objectivity has a limit in any period. The Impressionists didn't seem real in their own time'.

'Objectivity varies from place to place', I interposed.

'Of course', Goncharov replied, 'that's why our artists and

yours have different aims and use different methods of expression'.

In Moscow I had a long talk with Mr. Yuon, the venerable President of the Artists' Union, and his colleagues Suslov and Zuravlev. I was asked what I thought of Soviet painting. I took a deep breath and said it was probably a tactless answer but for me the majority of the work was too naturalistic; my taste, being conditioned at home, needed more flavour, more seasoning in the cooking. They laughed and turned over the illustrated pages of a catalogue of *tachiste* and abstract paintings recently exhibited in London. 'Tactlessness', Suslov said, 'is not the prerogative of the English alone. We don't like these. Individuality in interpreting a realist outlook is encouraged here'.

This is, I think, genuinely believed; but in practice the variation in individual expression is between much closer limits than that to which we are accustomed. The earlier experiments carried out before the revolution and in the early nineteen-twenties brought their own reaction. One painter said: 'That was the time I was at art school, and when I left I had to relearn my craft to overcome the anarchy of the teaching of that time'. Recently there has been a large show of young contemporaries and he was one of the judges. He shrugged his shoulders. 'Some of the work submitted was banal in its reaction against that of the older generation—my own—but we put it in. It's better to be seen than stifled!'. And another painter said: 'The artist must cater for increasing awareness as the public achieve a more sophisticated understanding from their experience in looking at pictures'.

Softening my generally critical comment about Russian painting with a real appreciation of a minority of Soviet work, I went on to speak of my visit to the Kiev State Art Institute, one of the three leading art schools in the country—Moscow and Leningrad taking precedence. I had been genuinely surprised by the extremely high technical ability of the fifth-year students. Their diploma works had just been judged and were standing in the immense corridors of the school. For the most part they were vast pictures, ten feet by six, or so. 'Why so big?' I asked. 'When you're young, you always work big', laughed the Director. They were tremendous figure compositions, some on historical situations, and others, the more successful, showed contemporary life. These were comparable to our own young realist school, covering an even greater area of canvas than they do. At times the outlook was more academic, but there were two or three paintings of real pictorial value; even showing a lusciousness of painting quality.

A Draught through the Iron Curtain

We looked at the architectural designs as well; apart from the great ability, they were practical. The problem set in every case was a requirement of the region, such as a concert hall, a circus ring, or a library. An outstandingly successful diploma work could be taken up by the City Engineer's Department and used for the practical development of the town. Was all our painting abstract? the students wanted to know. Did we know any Soviet art? A little draught was blowing through that Iron Curtain.

Suslov and Yuon, two painters, asked me to organise a regular series of articles which would keep their artists in touch with what is going on here. The art schools would like to have illustrated catalogues of the various exhibitions. This seemed a practical step to take, as nothing was known about British painters.

Behind the screen of Soviet official art is a group of sincere and genuine painters, not of breath-taking genius, but of artists whose work would hold its own in—shall we say?—the London Group Exhibitions. It would surprise those of us who thought that heavy, pompous academic uplift was all that could be painted in the U.S.S.R. The pictures I have seen have a much more lively side. I hope that this trend will increase over the coming years.—*Third Programme*

Mr. John Long's modest claim, in *Modern Russia: an Introduction* (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.), is to provide a brief, factual commentary on post-Stalinist Soviet Russia. Into little over 150 pages he has packed a clear, accurate, readable summary of the main geographical, political and economic facts. This is easily the best introduction to the U.S.S.R. to date, and Mr. Long is to be warmly congratulated on his achievement.

A Sense of Responsibility

F. J. FISHER on a study in local social history

LIKE most other human activities, the writing of economic history is subject to changes of fashion; and in recent years two old fashions have been revived and given something of a new look. A generation ago it was usual to interpret economic history mainly in terms of impersonal forces. Today, we are busy re-discovering the importance of the individual. And there has been a striking revival in the study of local history.

These two fashions are united in Dr. Mary E. Finch's admirable work on *The Wealth of Five Northamptonshire Families* (published by the Northamptonshire Record Society, Lamport Hall, 1956, at 30s.). It is essentially a study in local history, for it deals with but a single county during the century which separated the Reformation from the Civil War. It says much about individuals, for it deals with only five families: the Ishams who were raised to the ranks of the major gentry in 1560, when John Isham, a London mercer, bought the manor of Lamport; the Spencers of Althorp, who were relatively humble graziers at the beginning of the sixteenth century and members of the House of Lords by the beginning of the seventeenth; the Treshams, of Gunpowder Plot fame; the Fitzwilliams who, when they were not governing Ireland, lived at Milton; and the Brudenells of Deene who joined the Spencers in the peerage in the early seventeenth century. Yet, though it is restricted to five families in a single county, Dr. Finch's work is highly relevant to a major controversy in which historians are at present engaged.

Professors Tawney and Trevor-Roper are the main protagonists. Some sixteen years ago, Tawney wrote the now famous article in which he argued that the rise of the gentry constituted a major—and perhaps the major—development in English society during the two generations before the Civil War. He argued that the gentry increased their wealth, not only at the expense of the Church and the Crown, but also at the expense of the old aristocracy above them and of the peasantry below.

In 1953 that argument was attacked by



John Isham (1525-1596)
Photograph: 'Country Life'



Sir William Fitzwilliam, Lord Deputy of Ireland (d. 1599)

Trevor-Roper in a pamphlet which by now has become equally famous. Despite the highly polemical style in which it is written, much of Trevor-Roper's work seems to me to supplement rather than to confute Tawney's. But at least one major issue divides them. Tawney believed that the profits of improved estate management made an important contribution to the prosperity of the gentry. But Trevor-Roper will have none of it. As he saw them, the rising gentry were essentially those who drew all, or a substantial part, of their wealth from trade, or public office, or the law.

It is upon this issue that Dr. Finch's work throws some light. As is so often the case in economic history, the problem is fundamentally one of sampling. According to contemporary estimates, the gentry of the seventeenth century consisted of some 16,000 families. Obviously, different families had very different histories. Confronted by that variety of experience, our task is to distinguish the typical from the exceptional; and, since the records of most of these families have disappeared, we have to draw that distinction on the basis of a sample.

So far, no one has constructed a satisfactory sample for this purpose. Tawney's is large in terms of the number of families which it contains; but it is small and biased in the sense that all he knows about most of the families in it is the number of manors which they owned in ten specific counties. Since manorial property was only one possible source of a gentleman's income, the deficiencies of such a sample are obviously serious. As for that used by Trevor-Roper, it is impossible to assess either its size or its value. He merely quotes examples that support his theme; and of all forms of sampling that is the one least likely to produce conclusive results. Therefore, it is perhaps not surprising that the Tawney—Trevor-Roper controversy is at present in a state of deadlock.

Dr. Finch's sample is both too small, and too biased in favour of the successful, to break that deadlock. Nevertheless, it is highly suggestive. For although it is small in terms of the number of families with which it deals, it is large in terms of what it tells us about them. The light which it

throws upon non-agrarian sources of income is admittedly scanty. Four of the five families were established by merchants or professional men, but it has long been known that landed families were usually established on non-agrarian profits. The question at issue is whether a continuation of non-agrarian income was necessary for their further growth.

Of these five families, only the Fitzwilliams held any important offices during the century before the Civil War; and their experience, for what it is worth, lends little support to Trevor-Roper's thesis. For if office increased their gross income it also increased their expenditure. Indeed, the attempt to maintain an official's standard of living after the official income had ceased largely accounted for their later financial difficulties.

Periods of Rising Revenues

What does emerge clearly from Dr. Finch's study is the fact that, given favourable conditions, it was possible for a landed family substantially to increase the money income from its estates. It is clear that all Dr. Finch's families enjoyed at least some periods of rising revenues and possible that the Spencers expanded theirs continuously throughout the whole hundred years. Moreover, behind this similarity of achievement lay a considerable similarity of method. In the sixteenth century all these families drew much of their income from the sale of wool and meat which they raised on their own pastures. The Ishams continued to do so until the middle of the seventeenth century; but gradually the others abandoned entrepreneurial profits for rents. The Brudenells switched to a policy of letting out their lands in the later sixteenth century; the Fitzwilliams followed their example in the sixteenth century; by 1640 even the Spencers seem to have been primarily rentiers. This was a period of rising prices and in consequence a rise in money income need not imply a rise in real income. But the little evidence that we possess suggests that the great inflation of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries was primarily an inflation of agricultural prices. Wages and the prices of manufactured goods were more sluggish. Since landowners sold agricultural produce and bought services and manufactured goods, it seems likely that the rising money incomes enjoyed by Dr. Finch's families were accompanied by some increase in real income.

Obviously, considerably more studies of this kind will have to be made before the deadlock in the Tawney-Trevor-Roper controversy is finally resolved. But Dr. Finch's work not only provides a model for others to follow; it hints, at least to me, at what is likely to be the outcome. In order to increase the income from their estates, the Ishams, the Spencers, and the others had had to exercise a considerable amount of business ability. Since business ability is a comparatively rare gift, it may well be that Tawney was too optimistic in his judgement of how far the typical landed gentleman was able to imitate them. But there is no reason to suppose that the families studied by Dr. Finch were freaks; and to that extent it seems unlikely that research will eventually substantiate Trevor-Roper's thesis that the only gentry who rose were the office-holding minority.

But Dr. Finch's case-studies do something far more important than merely to produce evidence of rising landlord incomes. All these families increased the income from their estates; yet whereas the Ishams, the Spencers, and the Brudenells survived with ease, the Fitzwilliams on one occasion ran into serious financial difficulties and the Treshams crashed. When one looks for an explanation of those difficulties, it seems to lie less in the history of their incomes than in the history of their expenditure. For to a landed gentleman expenditure was particularly important. In trade or the professions success depended on skill and good connections rather than on large inherited capital. A man who set up his heir as a merchant or a lawyer needed to give him a start. But once that start had been given, the father could safely enjoy his income to the full.

But in land-management success depended not only on skill but on the possession of land on which to exercise it. A man who wished his heir to perpetuate a landed family had to ensure that his estates went to his heir as far as possible neither reduced in size nor encumbered by debt. Dr. Finch's work clearly illustrates how basic that problem was. By the early seventeenth century four of her families were using the legal device of the strict settlement in order to keep their estates together through successive genera-

tions. But legal devices never provide a complete solution to economic problems, and the maintenance of an intact estate to be passed on to the eldest son was in many ways an economic problem. The obvious difficulties were two. In order fully to enjoy the status and reputation that the possession of large estates conferred, a gentleman had to live like a gentleman and not like a miser. Yet living like a gentleman could be expensive; and it is significant that the Treshams, who eventually crashed, were notorious for their lavish hospitality and for their building operations.

There was, however, an even greater difficulty. In order to perpetuate a landed family, a man had to marry and beget a son. Marriage could be a profitable matter, for this was an age when wives brought dowries with them. Yet in this, as in other forms of business enterprise, the possibility of high profits was accompanied by great risks. The wealthiest bride in the market was likely to be an only child; and such a wife brought with her a danger that she would be childless herself or produce only daughters. Sir John Spencer III took that risk when he married the heiress of Chief Justice Catlin, but he was lucky: his wife presented him with only one child; but that child was a son and he survived. Other men tended to marry brides economically less well-endowed but physically more prolific. As a man's family grew the problem before him changed. As the danger of leaving no heir grew less, the danger of leaving only a diminished estate grew greater. He was, in fact, in a dilemma. His sense of responsibility to his family as individuals required him to give all his sons a start in life and to provide all his daughters with marriage portions. His sense of responsibility towards the family as an institution required that such provision should not seriously erode the property to be handed down to his eldest son. Daughters rather than sons were the problem; for during this period the price of eligible bachelors was rising and marriage portions had to be increased correspondingly. Among the many troubles that afflicted the unfortunate Treshams was the fact that Sir Francis had six daughters to provide for. Yet daughters did not always spell ruin; for the Spencers were able to provide for an average of three-and-a-half daughters and two-and-a-half younger sons in each generation without impairing the capital value of their estate. But the Spencers were noted for their economy.

Expenditure the Key

Thus it may well be that, when the history of the gentry as a class comes finally to be written, we shall divide them less according to the sources of their incomes than according to the pattern of their expenditure. Our criterion will be the degree to which that expenditure was determined by their sense of responsibility for maintaining the family as a continuing and well-endowed social institution. Such a criterion would, I think, be of great use; provided that it is not also treated as a test of virtue. For a man might be unlucky and have no heir. Or he might satisfy his sense of responsibility at the expense of his younger children. I wonder how many of Professor Trevor-Roper's office-hungry gentry were younger sons who had been left poor in order that their eldest brother might remain rich?—*Third Programme*

Africa South, which has now reached its fourth number, is published quarterly in Cape Town and obtainable over here from Miss R. Ainslie, 25 Cambridge Gardens, London, W.10, price 4s. The publishers rightly claim for the present July-September issue that it is 'remarkable for a number of articles bringing new and creative thinking to bear on the deepening crisis in the Union and other territories in Southern Africa'. The most important contribution is an article by Alan Paton (National Chairman of the South African Liberal Party and author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*) called 'Association by Permission', on the far-reaching effects of the Native Laws Amendment Bill at present before the South African Parliament. Mr. Paton puts forward the view that mass civil disobedience might well result from attempted interference with such fundamental human rights. Other important articles are by Miss Margery Perham, Professor Z. K. Mathews, the African ex-Acting Principal of Fort Hare University College (and now among the accused in the Johannesburg Treason hearing), and Dr. Benjamin Mays, who all discuss the policy of segregation in the South African Universities, soon to be implemented; Ruth First writes about the recent Bus Boycott, and Dr. Michael Banton discusses colour attitudes in this country.

Further Quarrels of W. S. Gilbert

The second of two talks based on Gilbert's private papers by HESKETH PEARSON

GILBERT was an excessively touchy person, and as he also had a passion for straight dealing he was bound to have trouble in a bohemian world where other people's touchiness was seldom allied to strictness of behaviour. In an earlier age he would have fought countless duels. As it was, he had to content himself with verbal broils and lawsuits. The record in his private papers shows that he had rows with the first publisher of *Bab Ballads*, with nearly all the managers who presented his plays, with most of his leading actors, with many critics and pressmen, and with quite a few friends. He was usually in the right, but that did not make the disputes any less bitter or frequent.

Noisy Servant and Capricious Postmen

He quarrelled with his next-door neighbour, whose servant raked out the cinders from the stove so noisily that it woke him up early in the morning when he had been working late at night. He quarrelled with the furnishers and decorators of his house; with cabmen who overcharged him and postmen who delivered letters at capricious hours. He was indignant with the President of the Mess Committee of the Royal Aberdeen Militia, in which he served for some years, writing: 'I must decline to pay for more messing than I actually enjoyed—if that term can be reasonably applied to the food that was placed before me by the messman'. And when the Colonel, to whom his complaint was forwarded, said that the messing charges had nothing to do with Captain Gilbert, he wrote: 'I must decline, after this expression of opinion, to serve under an officer who is so little qualified to command gentlemen'.

Even as a Justice of the Peace at the Edgware courts he felt called upon to disagree with his fellow-magistrates, telling the Chairman of the bench: 'In future, when I happen to be sitting with you, I must ask you to give full value to any arguments I may use that may be in opposition to your judgement, as I shall certainly take the course of publicly disclaiming concurrence with your decision'. To another magistrate he wrote: 'It would be better for both parties that we should not sit together in the second court when that association can be avoided'. In fact Gilbert's life was punctuated with discord, which justifies the sub-title of my forthcoming biography: *His Life and Strife*.

I will here summarise four notable quarrels. My most revealing discovery, biographically speaking, is that Gilbert thoroughly disliked his mother. In 1876 he began a letter to her: 'Undeterred by your cold and formal reception of the appeals made to you by my aunt and by myself on behalf of my father when we and both his medical attendants believed him to be dying . . . and he went on to point out what he called the 'lamentable circumstances' in which his father was placed, the state of his health preventing him from ever again writing for profit. Gilbert wanted to patch up the quarrel between his parents, and begged his mother to allow his father a bedroom and sitting-room in her house, together with a portion of the income which his father had settled on her. She answered coldly that as her husband had left home of his own accord and without the slightest reason, he was at liberty to return if he chose. Gilbert knew this was not true, his parents having been openly hostile to one another for many years, but he made the best of it and wrote to both of them in a very diplomatic manner, hoping for a reconciliation.

Then came a letter from his mother withdrawing her consent to his proposal. His rejoinder commenced 'Madam', and after threatening her with an action which she would deplore he continued in this style:

I may add that I have hitherto, in your interests, induced my father to believe that when he was in danger of his life you hurried home from Paris and were unremitting in your personal enquiries after him, until he was pronounced out of danger. It

will now be my duty to tell him the bare facts of the case—that you delayed two days in Paris after receiving a copy of Dr. Coates' letter describing the perilous state of his health, and that on your return you exhibited no interest whatever in his then critical condition.

The glacial manner in which Gilbert addressed his mother throughout this correspondence displays a settled animosity, and we shall not be far wrong if we partly ascribe the mockery of aging females in his operas to the malignance inspired in him by his mother.

Fortunately Gilbert's own quarrels were more entertaining than this distressing episode, and anyone who knew the man could have guessed what would happen when, a year after the production of 'Utopia Ltd.', George Edwardes presented Gilbert's opera 'His Excellency' with music by Osmond Carr. The laws of nature would have had to be suspended in order to establish a completely harmonious association between Gilbert and his new manager. George Edwardes had been D'Oyly Carte's business-associate for some years, and after leaving the Savoy he produced a series of musical comedies which supplanted in popularity the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Many of his shows were so prosperous that their names are still remembered: for instance, 'The Geisha', 'San Toy', 'The Merry Widow', 'The Duchess of Dantzic', and 'Veronique'.

At first the Gilbert-Edwardes combination seemed to promise well, and two months after the production of 'His Excellency' Edwardes asked Gilbert to write another piece for him. But four months later, the temperature of their relationship having dropped with the receipts, they agreed to delay their contract for a new opera. Then trouble began. Gilbert had promised to rehearse the American company of 'His Excellency', but when he discovered that Edwardes had violated their agreement by disposing of the translation along with the acting rights in one country he withdrew his promise. Upon which Edwardes sent him what he described as a 'highly offensive' letter, the tone of which might, he said, have frightened choristers but merely put his back up.

Edwardes then suggested that their solicitors should meet and settle the dispute. Gilbert curtly replied: 'I have nothing to add to my letter of yesterday's date'. Edwardes complained that he had been 'most disgracefully treated'. Gilbert rejoined: 'Sir, your letter is a tissue of untruths', and proceeded to unweave the tissue. After that Edwardes must have climbed down because Gilbert rehearsed the American company.

Last Dealings

But no one could have foreseen that Gilbert's last dealings with the D'Oyly Carte management would lead to so much vexation. Helen D'Oyly Carte now managed the business, both her husband and Sullivan being dead. Gilbert had always had a very high opinion of Helen's ability and tact. Having paid Gilbert £5,000 for the acting rights of his operas with Sullivan for five years, she started to revive them at the end of 1906, making the capital error of not consulting him about the casting. It is fairly certain that her manager Boulton and her musical director Cellier were responsible, since both of them were aware that, given a free hand, Gilbert would insist on casting the pieces to his own satisfaction, not theirs. By ignoring him in so vital a matter they were asking for trouble, and their principal Helen Carte got it.

Gilbert admitted that he had no legal claim, and that she could cast the operas as she pleased, but he told her that he was surprised and not a little hurt that his opinion had not been sought. Later he wrote: 'I may say at once that in casting the West End production of "The Yeomen of the Guard" without having consulted me in any way, you have placed upon me the deepest—I may say the only—indignity ever offered me during my forty years connection with the stage'. She tried to exonerate

herself, but he had no difficulty in disposing of her excuses and said that 'the discovery of the contempt in which you hold my opinion on a point upon which you used to affect to regard it as paramount, has struck a blow at our lengthy association from which it never can recover'.

He was paid a fee of £200 for rehearsing each opera, and every revival was a huge success with the public but not with the author. 'The Gondoliers' was the second to be put on and Gilbert was so much displeased with the cast that he threatened to inform the leading critics that he was not responsible for it. Helen Carte replied that this would be an attempt to prejudice the minds of the critics to the damage of the artists. He described her remark as 'a gross and gratuitous insult', and she withdrew it. The new generation greeted the old operas with as much fervour as their parents had shown over the original productions, and Gilbert was given a terrific reception after the first performance of each. The season ran for over two years, but not even the weekly royalties pacified Gilbert, who spoke of 'the many exceedingly incompetent people, the terrible scenery and the atrocious dresses with which the reputation of the operas has been irretrievably injured'. After it was all over, and the revival of the operas had proved them to be classics, Helen Carte tried to justify herself in Gilbert's eyes, but he would not yield an inch. He wrote:

I prefer to believe what *I know to be the case*. You are not a free agent, or you would never have treated me with the gross insolence and black ingratitude which have characterised the Savoy methods during the last two-and-a-quarter years . . . the operas have been insulted, degraded and dragged through the mire and I have been exposed to humiliating ridicule in the face of the

entire company. Blind and blatant ignorance accompanied by contemptible economy have characterised the productions of the past two years and people have been engaged whom the call-boy would have told you were ridiculously unsuitable.

But the leading member of the company had won his approval—C. H. Workman, who played the parts in which George Grossmith had first appeared. Soon after these revivals Workman got together a syndicate to finance a new opera by Gilbert called 'Fallen Fairies', with music by Edward German, to be followed by revivals of those operas with Sullivan which had not recently been done by Mrs. Carte. Gilbert intended to make considerable changes in some libretti, small alterations in others. Unfortunately one of Workman's backers wanted a lady-friend of his own to play an important part which Gilbert had specially written for his adopted daughter, Nancy McIntosh. After a fierce conflict Gilbert got his way and Nancy played the part.

But the wretched Workman was being bullied by his backer, and a week after the opening of the play he sacked Nancy on the palpably mendacious ground that people had left the theatre in disgust over her performance. Gilbert asserted that, if this were true, 'it was because you sent them there to do so'. Gilbert tried to persuade his collaborator German to support him in obtaining an injunction to stop the run of the piece unless Nancy were reinstated; but German preferred a life uncomplicated by affidavits. When, after the failure of 'Fallen Fairies', Workman begged to be allowed to revive the Savoy operas, he received a sharp note from Gilbert: 'No consideration of any kind would induce me to have dealings with a man of your stamp'. A snappy conclusion to their triumphs and my talks.—*Home Service*.

Architects and Planners Today

LIONEL BRETT on a swing of the pendulum

SIX years after the Festival of Britain, here we are, already looking out on our world with quite different eyes, and I think it is time somebody tried to analyse the change. Superficially, and speaking to begin with in purely visual terms, it was inevitable (and most of us foresaw at the time) that there would be a reaction from the rather feminine elegance of the South Bank Exhibition, with its light floating roofs, its doves and wires and lacy white balustrades and its expurgated Victoriana. All that has gone with the New Look, and in its place we have chunky masonry, heavy lintels, black painted tubular balustrades, and the brutal exposure of naked materials and services. The jump from intellectual abstract painting and constructivism to action painting and *tachisme* is parallel. One or two Protean figures like Picasso and Le Corbusier have seen us through, but among minor deities there has been the usual re-shuffle, typified perhaps by the emergence from obscurity of Gaudi, of the early Mendelsohn, and of the English primitives Connell Ward and Lucas.

But I do not intend to give here a guide to current vogues in architecture. These are ripples on the surface of a much deeper movement. The South Bank Exhibition, after all, was only the sugar which coated the pill of welfare-state discipline, and the reaction is against the pill as well as the sugar.

At this point we must look very hard at what is happening, because there are in point of fact several reactions going on at once. There is the reaction of the older generation of town planners and of laymen interested in amenity to the failure of the Planning Acts to stop Subtopia, which is expressed in the new Civic Trust. There is the reaction of architects to the failure to rebuild our cities on imaginative lines, expressed naturally enough in the demand that the job should be handed over to architects. And there is the reaction of the young to the tidy assumptions of the middle-aged, expressed in a rather theatrical anarchism, which looks like giving the pendulum the biggest push of the three.

Their feeling is that the post-war planners are out of touch with the real world of 1957, that our New Towns, neighbourhood

centres, shopping precincts, national parks, etc., are not what is wanted and lack some essential thing that our old towns and neglected counties had, presumably spontaneity, so that nobody would ever want to paint a picture in Harlow or Bracknell; that there is something about a holiday camp or a supermarket that is more real than a garden of rest or a communal laundry; that planners waste their time controlling elevations in Watford and Redhill when they should be concentrating their minds on Liverpool and Glasgow; above all, that people of inferior imagination are busily, and with the best intentions, filing away the rough edges of character and idiosyncrasy.

This negative reaction has as its obverse a positive enjoyment of 'pop art', American cars, advertising, space fiction, etc.—phenomena which we all know are just as synthetic and unspontaneous as official good taste, but do at least meet a demand.

It is natural enough that these attitudes should express themselves in a renewal of the campaign against the control of architects' designs by planners, which has been rumbling underground for years. We all agree that the siting of buildings and their size must be controlled; but that every detail of their design should be liable to official amendment is a very different thing. At a recent protest meeting of some of the brightest young stars in the architectural sky, one of the most responsible and successful said that he had had nothing but obstruction, and never any help, from planners. It is on the face of it fantastic that Subtopia seems to flood almost unchecked across the face of England, and yet the work of our most imaginative designers is still continually sniped at and sometimes flatly prohibited by committees of local councillors, often without architectural advice. For a young designer working all hours to try to start on his own, his first chance often comes from a client a good deal older than himself, and it is not surprising if that client loses confidence in a design when it is mercilessly criticised by local officials. The delay and expense of a public enquiry is alone often enough to put him off. In a country increasingly monopolised by super-human organisations we ought to cherish and not bully the small man struggling to make a go of it.

But to scrap the planning controls which a whole generation laboured to create cannot surely be sensible, even if it were politically possible. I have no doubt whatever that with all their imperfections they have done infinitely more good than harm. We have a whole great movement here, backed by volunteers all over the country, not just an administrative procedure that you can close down overnight.

Some people think we should decontrol large areas of uninteresting suburbia, and simply keep the control for the really important places. I used to think so myself, but I have come to dislike the idea of an England divided into beauty spots, or areas of special control, and the rest; just when we are beginning, through the eyes of artists and poets, to widen our vision. Any such classification is no sooner attempted than it becomes out of date and ridiculous.

The only alternative I have heard canvassed is that aesthetic control should be confined to briefing architects before they design instead of censoring them afterwards. I can well imagine this, which would inevitably be a more comprehensive affair than the present control, turning out to be still more inhibiting to the creative architect and still less effective in stopping the vandal.

I think we must keep these controls, like all sorts of long-stop laws we keep on the statute-book, but hardly ever use them and never use them to censor the qualified and imaginative designer. When this does happen, and when the responsible Minister confirms it, it is a flagrant miscarriage of justice and should be so handled in the press and in parliament. If a policeman beats up an innocent man, you do not abolish the police force. What you must try to do is to recruit better people—in this context to recruit, as planners, people who will know by instinct when to leave well alone.

At the meeting I mentioned above, the people on the platform in favour of planning control wore suits and ties and the people against it wore open shirts or turtle-necked jerseys, thus rather too neatly suggesting that the argument was the age-old one between the tidy administrator and the anarchic artist, with the artist on the side of life and the planner against it. That is not far from the truth in many parts of the country, but that does not make it any less a tragedy when it happens, or any less a

situation which we must never accept as inevitable. And that brings me to the real significance of this swing of the younger generation of architects towards anarchism. It is a sure sign that the planning machine has failed to use them effectively.

For this they are themselves partly to blame for not educating themselves in the broad outlook or accepting the dedicated-anonymity that the planner needs. But the planning authorities are still more to blame for not giving their officers the scope that attracts imaginative people to the job. So long as members of planning committees have the idea that design is merely common sense, so long as they are content to write off the world of architects and designers as hopelessly divided within itself (which it always will be) without trying to find out who the best are, so long in fact as they look down on designers, designers will look down on them, and we shall get nowhere with the job of creating order out of the chaos we inherit from the last century.

This problem of harnessing the artist's energy and giving ideas wings, is not a new one; but it gets more difficult as we become more egalitarian, more indifferent to quality, and more short of cash. Yet if we still want to make our conurbations habitable and renew our landscape and stop our best people from emigrating, artists and administrators have to go on trying to work together, and not give way to impatience with each other.

These are generalities, and possibly, as such, irritating. But they can be translated into a short list of concrete reforms in our planning administration which I believe could do as much as administrative measures can to change the atmosphere. The first thing is to restore planning to its original status in the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, with some time and money spent on thinking (or what is nowadays called research). Second, restore regional planning, the great gap in our present set-up. Third, restore local planning, the making of townscape and landscape, to the status it had in the days of Unwin and Abercrombie, as a truly creative occupation.

The fact that one can use the word 'restore' for reforms which all age-groups strongly support shows how much latent unity there is among us. If the anger of angry young men helps to speed these reforms, then this swing of the pendulum will have played its part in keeping the clock going.—*Third Programme*

Technology and World Advancement

(continued from page 332)

to the problem of the 'have-not' countries and have neglected the more spiritual factors. Undoubtedly the citizens of a static pre-industrial country may have such qualities as contentment, humility, kindness and gaiety in greater measure than those of a rich and progressive country. Though this is true, it is a doctrine which the restless and prodigal West might well preach to itself rather than to others. With nations, as with individuals, the ultimate hypocrisy of the rich is to preach the virtue of poverty to the poor.

The essential fact of the present-day non-Soviet world is that this huge gap of living standards between the industrial and the pre-industrial countries is steadily widening. If present tendencies were to continue for many decades, then one would find many of the ex-colonial and similar countries still largely pre-industrial and so very poor. On the other hand, the vast acceleration of technological progress in the West will be leading the most advanced of the industrial countries to pass progressively, if they so wish, through the phase of the four-day week, on the road perhaps to the final bliss, or ultimate boredom—according to temperament—of the five-day weekend.

In turning to consider whether the western world should make this sacrifice, we leave the field of social analysis and enter that of political and moral controversy. Some people will stress the long-range political dangers of the widening gap and that the survival of parliamentary systems of government in many of the under-developed countries may be dependent on the achievement of rapid social progress. Others will lay more weight on military considerations, arising out of the polarisation of so much of the world into Soviet and anti-Soviet blocs. Strong economic argu-

ments can be produced: poor countries are also poor markets for manufactured goods. Some of the strongest motives for a substantial aid programme arise from moral and religious values. Many feel that such large differences of wealth, health and opportunity are wrong, and that to work to reduce them would give a new sense of moral purpose to the West. Recently it has been aptly suggested that massive western aid to Asia might be considered as reverse lend-lease for the incalculable debt which the West owes the East for the age-old gift of the great tradition of empirical technology which was the essential first basis of western triumphs. One might add—for it is often forgotten—that all the great religions of the world are of Asian origin.

My own view is clear. I think the West should make the great experiment of sacrificing some of its immediate prosperity to give massive aid to the have-not countries. If the major nations of the West cannot agree quickly to provide the required £1,000,000,000, then I hope that Britain would 'go it alone' and make her contribution of £150,000,000 a year available to her former colonies, in addition to what she is already doing. In holding this view, I do not forget the many economic and social problems nearer home which need urgent attention.

Scientists and technologists have a special responsibility in this matter, since it is their genius and their skill which alone can bring the material basis of happiness within the reach of all. As a scientist myself and also partly a technologist, I believe that the uneven division of power and wealth, the wide differences of health and comfort among the nations of mankind, are the sources of discord in the modern world, its major challenge and, unrelieved, its moral doom.

NEWS DIARY

August 28 – September 3

Wednesday, August 28

Mr. Zorin, Soviet delegate at the London disarmament talks, rejects the recent Western proposals

Syrian economic delegation arrives in Moscow

A Democrat wins the seat in the U.S. Senate held by the late Senator McCarthy

Thursday, August 29

Large-scale test equipment completed at Hatfield airfield for work on Britain's ballistic missile with a range of 2,000 miles

It is announced that higher fares on British Railways are to come into force on September 15

A U.S. Senator speaking on the Bill for Civil Rights for coloured people carries out what is reported to be second longest filibuster in history

Friday, August 30

The people of Malaya begin celebrations of their country's new status as an independent state within the Commonwealth

A Canberra bomber powered by rocket motor and jet engines reaches world record height of more than thirteen miles

Mr. Molotov is appointed Soviet Ambassador to Mongolia

Saturday, August 31

The Duke of Gloucester reads a message from the Queen at the Malayan independence ceremony at Kuala Lumpur

Another American nuclear device is exploded in Nevada

Eighteen members of a Communist cell are reported to have been arrested in Cairo

Sunday, September 1

In a speech in Australia, Mr. Sandys, the Minister of Defence, says that Britain intends to build up a stock of hydrogen bombs

Five Soviet warships sail from the Baltic on a friendship visit to Yugoslavia

South African Minister of Defence arrives in London for talks

Monday, September 2

Trades Union Congress opens in Blackpool. Prime Minister's reply to Mr. Bulganin's letter of July 20 is published

Over 200 people are killed in train disaster in Jamaica

Tuesday, September 3

T.U.C. carries resolution demanding an increase in pensions and approves Labour Party's proposals for superannuation scheme

Malayan Government offers surrender terms to terrorists

Sterling area reserves fall during August



Malaya's first day of independence was celebrated on August 31 by ceremonies both in Kuala Lumpur and in London. In the above photograph H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, representing the Queen, is seen handing the documents of independence to the Malayan Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, in the Malayan capital's new sports stadium. Right: breaking the Federation's flag at the ceremony at Malaya House, Trafalgar Square, London



Dennis Brain, the horn player, who was killed in a road accident while returning to London from the Edinburgh Festival on September 1. He was thirty-six. Dennis Brain was the outstanding horn player of his day. He made his debut at the Queen's Hall with the Bush Chamber Players in 1938. Since 1946 he had been principal horn with the Philharmonia Orchestra and he also played with the Griller, Lener and Amadeus quartets. Benjamin Britten, Hindemith, Gordon Jacob, and Gordon Bryan wrote works specially for him



A scene from 'The Birthday Show' (celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of the National Radio Show) which was televised on August 28 from the National Radio Show. Jeanne Heal, Jack Benny, Gisele Mackenzie, Jack Payne, Sylvia P.

Right: a Honiton lace hat (mid-nineteenth century), from a reconstruction and costume, at the Victoria and Albert Museum



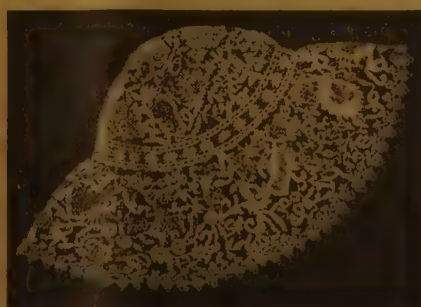
This year for the first time the Farnborough Air Show, which opened on September 2, is displaying to the public a section on guided missiles. In this photograph are, left foreground, the 'Jindivik', a pilotless radio-controlled missile target aircraft; centre background and right are two Bristol missiles, the 'Borzoi' and the 'Bloodhound'



B.B.C. Television's opening programme) Left to right are Eamonn Andrews, John Hobley, Helen McKay and Ron Parry



'A spirit man spearing a kangaroo', from an exhibition of paintings on bark by aborigines in Arnhem Land, Northern Australia, and Melville Island, now being shown at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street, London



collection of lace, peasant embroidery, London



A scene from Rossini's opera 'Il Turco in Italia', which is being performed at the Edinburgh Festival by the Piccola Scale company: seated, Selim, a Turkish prince (Sesto Bruscantini); right, Donna Fiorilla (Eugenia Ratti); and kneeling, Don Geronio (Franco Calabrese)

Christ in the Mind of St. Paul

Christ the Image of the Invisible

The third of five talks by Canon C. E. RAVEN

IT was not until he came to Corinth in A.D. 50 on his first journey into Europe that St. Paul entered the second phase of his discipleship; and it is no exaggeration to say that it was his own first failures that made possible the great advance then attained. Of all the invasions of the West from the East which history chronicles, perhaps none has been more far-reaching in its effects than that which was initiated when the Jewish evangelist and the Greek physician set out from Samothrace and came into Macedonia. If that expedition had not been undertaken, or if the discovery made upon it had not been made—but we need not try to re-write history!

Nevertheless, the adventure did not begin too well. At Philippi undoubtedly the magistrates behaved badly: St. Paul was within his rights when he stood on his dignity: 'They have beaten us uncondemned and Roman citizens, and have thrown us into gaol: and now would they set us free secretly? No, let them come personally and give us our discharge'—a very human and forceful protest.

St. Paul in Athens

But to stand upon one's own dignity is not a Christian attitude. No one can do so and still see God. And this mistake was not alone. We have already seen how Paul played to the gallery at Thessalonica, huckstering the Gospel as he afterwards described it. And at Athens he was hardly more inspired. There are indeed few more pathetic scenes in all his journeyings than when he concealed his own passion and convictions and played the philosopher to the hard-boiled sceptics of the Areopagus. To quote Aratus and explain the unknown God might have been expected to be impressive; a preacher is entitled to speak the language of his audience. But, though a few were impressed, the majority greeted his effort with laughter. He went to Corinth a humiliated and humbled man. Neither the God of miracle and supernatural power, nor the God of nature and creative wisdom was an adequate picture of the Father of Christ.

That was precisely the lesson that his experience taught him—the lesson that enabled his supreme missionary achievement. He has described it in the opening section of his correspondence with the Corinthians—and the words not only define his new concept of the scale and significance of Christianity but confess his own previous misunderstandings. 'It is the Jews', he declares, 'who are agog for miracle and a God of omnipotence: it is the Greeks who seek for wisdom and an omniscient deity. Our idea of God is seen in a Man on a Cross—in Christ crucified. That is blasphemy to Jews and silliness to Greeks. But to those who respond to it, Jews and Greeks alike, the love that suffers is seen to be the only true power and the only true wisdom'.

There is his confession. He had himself striven to fit Christ into the Jewish pattern of power and the Greek pattern of wisdom; and

the result had not been a success. He had himself accepted the Old Testament concept of the King of kings and Lord of lords, the Sultan whose laws impose obedience on his slaves: he had dallied with the Platonic idea of God as the eternal mathematician and geometer, and with the Stoic idea of the indwelling Reason whose creation is the perfectly designed machine. But he had now discovered that Christ could not be fitted into those categories; and to put it at its simplest, that if Christ was like God, then God, and man, must be like Christ. Jesus had called God 'Our Father': parenthood, the love that brings to birth not slaves nor robots but sons, was the true picture of the divine.

Dynamic New Presentation

The consequences of this conviction were not only immediately confirmatory of it, but involved a lifelong extension of St. Paul's whole work. Practically the new presentation was dynamic. To the city notorious all over the world for sophisticated and mercenary vice the apostle, after his year and a half of work, was able to write the hymn of Christian love which we know as I Corinthians 13; and in that same city at the close of his stay to present his case to the great Stoic judge and governor, Gallio, the brother of the imperial philosopher and statesman, Seneca.

There is perhaps no scene in the whole New Testament more significant and more prophetic than the brief record of this first appearance of a Christian before a leader of the great world. Gallio, the gentle Gallio, the Stoic, or, as we should say, the Scientific Humanist, was one of the group of distinguished leaders who had the opportunity at that time, if they had had the message and the vision, to transform history. To Gallio matters of conduct and reason were vital: but religion as both Paul and his Jewish critics understood it was 'words and names and your law'—a subject beneath the notice of the statesman or the philosopher. We can see the same attitude often enough today. And the verdict of history upon it is surely obvious and decisive: Gallio for all his greatness and goodness has become a name synonymous with a flippant and shallow indifference, while Paul stands next to his Master in the roll of saints and heroes. Scientific Humanism would seem to be a poor substitute for Christianity.

Unveiling of the Nature of God

In addition to the immediate efficacy of the new presentation of the Gospel-message, another significant consequence followed. Christ is not merely the greatest of teachers and martyrs, not merely the man from heaven, the Lord's Anointed, the crowned King of the world: He is also the 'mystery' or, as the word properly implies, the revelation or reflection or unveiling of the true nature and character of God, and so is the criterion and touchstone of all human quality, the standard by which all our ways, in-

dividual and social, ethical and religious, can be judged.

It is a twofold task to which, by this new conviction of the status of the Christ, St. Paul finds himself committed. He must first pass under review all his previous ideas of the divine—all the random words and works by which men had striven to depict and imitate and placate the Deity, or to subdue Him to their own ends. He does not do this on the lines of a modern student of comparative religion or by examining the 'gods many and lords many' of contemporary polytheism. He sets himself to think out, as we shall see, the form and direction of God's creative work, to see how far the interpretation of it has the power and persuasiveness to commend itself to mankind, and to reject and even condemn all such various explanations and doctrines as destroy the coherence of the Gospel and deny the fulness of Christ. He must challenge conventional pieties as well as extravagant novelties.

In addition, as his first letter to Corinth shows, he must be prepared to submit to the teaching and example of Christ every sort of problem both of religious and of secular behaviour. His converts bring him many difficult questions both practical and speculative—questions that range from sex-ethics to ritual proprieties. He answers them sometimes by replies which claim to have the authority of the mind of Christ, and in other instances by what he explicitly states is his own verdict, not that of his Master. But while much of his first letter is concerned with detailed and relatively secondary issues, he has plainly fastened upon the few essentials of the Christian life which find their noblest expression in his praise of Christian love in chapter 13.

The Hymn to Love

The scope of his great discovery is nowhere more clearly stated than in the two famous phrases in which the hymn to love and the final letter and greetings close: 'Now abide these three, faith (which is dedication and commitment), hope (which is confidence and expectation) and love (the untranslatable *agape* that neither exploits nor sentimentalises)'; and 'the gracious gift of Christ which guarantees the love of God and is expressed in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit'. Faith in Christ: hope in God; love in the blessed community of the Spirit—these three sum up the significance of life in Christ as Paul has come to appreciate it. As he has committed himself to Christ, he has found that all other experiences, former ideas of God and former relationships to men, become absorbed, superseded and transformed.

It is obvious that what has happened has not been the work of a fertile imagination or an elaborate piece of syncretism. The life and teaching of Jesus, the evidence of his presence, the influence of his example have so filled the emotional and intellectual world of his disciple that Paul has fulfilled his own statement: 'I live, yet not I: Christ lives in me'. He has

become so Christ-centred that his old ideas of God and his old relationships with the world and with his fellow men have been re-shaped and re-coloured. Instead of seeing God and man partially and separately, as distinct elements in his environment, the whole complex has now acquired the unity and consistency of a single, harmonious and all-inclusive design. He sees all things steadily and whole, all things 'in Christ'. His basic philosophy of the universe, his self-hood and way of living, his relationship to all else, and his approach to mankind are now 'all

of a piece'; he is what he would be and his actions express what he is.

From thence onward his task is plain. It is to think out the fulness of the revelation of the nature of God and of man as this is disclosed in Christ: to interpret God's ways as these express the love that is also power and wisdom, the love manifested in a world of evil and of pain: to examine precisely how Christ and his Spirit work in and upon us human beings when we yield ourselves to their influence, and to describe the sort of community in which we can

find our freedom and our goal. So he can commend the Christian way and bring us all to a complete acknowledgement of Jesus Christ as not only the image of the invisible God but as the first-fruits of the whole creation.

To do this he employs and baptises all the language and ideas that can illustrate the range of his experience: that is the only ground for the charge against him of syncretism. Christ for him is all in all; and everything, properly seen, reflects the glory of Christ's presence.

—General Overseas Service

Letters to the Editor

The African Renaissance

Sir,—Mr. T. L. Hodgkin, celebrating 'The African Renaissance' (THE LISTENER, August 15), blames Europeans for their 'itch to act as the world's schoolmasters'. May I ask if in his opinion they should have acted the other way, keeping to themselves the secrets of their inventions, and becoming the world's witch-doctors?

A French historian of note, Alfred Rambaud, wrote in 1889 about our overseas territories: 'All those lands will become true images of France, where our language will be spoken, and the mother country loved and glorified'. Human prophecies have a sarcastic way of coming true—in part. If Professor Rambaud had been alive in 1956, he could have heard, in his own Sorbonne, a meeting of African writers discuss in refined French—to his delight, no doubt; until he perceived that those gentlemen were met to determine just how and why they resented our educational efforts.

It is only natural that Africans should be partial to their own forms of culture: so are we. There is, however, a point of fact which I should like to make clear. The alleged 'dogma that there is only one civilisation and that civilisation is French', far from being taught in our schools, has never been maintained by anyone to my knowledge; and perhaps Mr. Hodgkin will oblige by quoting his authorities for it. My own experience is that foreign civilisations, and foreign students of all races, are treated in France with all due respect and true sympathy.

I am afraid we can do no more.

Yours, etc.,

Berloux-la-Crèche FRANÇOIS VILLANEAU

Sir,—I enjoyed very much Mr. Hodgkin's recent broadcast on 'The African Renaissance' based on the Congress of Negro Writers and Artists in which I had the privilege of participating at the Sorbonne, in Paris, a year ago. On the whole, I agree with Mr. Hodgkin's observations and attitude—a somewhat unusual thing between most members of the 'imperialist' society and those of the 'nationalist' one, between the 'white' and the 'black'.

May I, however, add some footnotes to his objective endeavour to interpret the African to the European? He mentions (with or without accepting) the European's apparent certainty that Africans have not 'so far bred a Shakespeare, a Dante, or an Aristotle'. And Leopold-Sedar Senghor, my respected elder friend and advocate of the African way of life, retorts: 'Why should we?' This reply by itself may be adequate. But, be that as it may, can anyone

really assert, with full confidence, that the African soil, so fertile and rich in such natural beauties and inspiring surroundings as usually encourage the germination of art, philosophy, the gift of the tongue and the power of picturesque expression, has not in the past produced philosophers, linguists, artists and poets?

In this connection, two important, relevant and interwoven factors are generally overlooked: (a) the relative lack of written record about the African past, and (b) the African's more 'collective' attitude or approach to life. On the first point, African history, culture and mores, as we know them even today, are more said than written, and much more lived than studied—in comparison with the European's. Consequently, if the African soil had produced any Shakespeare in the past as Britain did in the past, it would be very difficult to know about him today—all for lack of available records. As an African, I did not realise that William Shakespeare ever existed until I read the written literature of the English, although I was well aware of the presence of our local poets, storytellers and moral philosophers alike.

Whether our written records and the art of writing were destroyed through the inevitable circle of life and death or by external influences from Europe is an open question. In recent times only the availability of written records has helped to show that West Africa, for instance, has produced a literary and linguistic giant like Bishop Ajayi Crowther of Nigeria who did much to literalise the Yoruba language and culture, and a scholar and philosopher of the calibre of Aggrey of the late Gold Coast. We have with us today Senghor of Senegal, Nkrumah of Ghana, and Azikiwe of Nigeria, who 'fight'—and successfully—not with sword but with their possession of the power of words and ideas, together with the ability to express.

The second point is that African life is generally more collective than individualistic—the feeling of one for all and all for one is more predominant in western Africa than in western Europe. Outstanding individuals are, of course, recognised and talents encouraged, but only within the framework of the common weal; the 'cult of the individual' is relatively alien to the African mind. As a result, if Africa had produced any Dantes, Miltons, or Macaulays, these would be known mainly to their own contemporaries. Some 'literary' and philosophical figures were, in all probability, passed on and they, like European folk songs, lived from generation to generation; but, like the old soldier, they soon faded away.

To illustrate these two major points: as everyone knows, much has been said and written in praise of the arts of Nigeria, produced many centuries ago; European experts now agree that: 'The restrained naturalism of these works, the dignity and serenity of their expressions and the technical excellence of their workmanship rapidly led on all sides to their being given a place amongst the world's masterpieces of art' (Nigerian Museum: *The Art of Ife*, Lagos, 1955, page 5). And yet no one has been able to say much about one single Nigerian artist of the past associated with these masterpieces.

Another example occurred last year at the Congress of Negro Writers and Artists: Mr. Lashebikan who, on his 'gangan' drum recited African (Yoruba) poems, received one of the greatest ovations at the Sorbonne last year. But not even the conscientious *Présence Africaine* has been able to record and retain this vivid and impressive contribution. It would take a sound recorder and a cine camera to do adequate justice to Mr. Lashebikan's contribution.

Giving and taking, learning and imparting make the world go round. Europeans have taken from us in the past—often without acknowledgement; we, too, are still learning certain things from them now—and perhaps without adequate acknowledgement. With Mr. Hodgkin, I look forward in excitement to that immediate future when Europe will cease to resist the fact that Africa has much good to offer and when the African will be confident enough to give out of his or her best.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

L. A. FABUNMI

South American Impressions

Sir,—In the second of his three talks on South America (THE LISTENER, August 22), Mr. A. P. Ryan sets out to examine the cause of the prevalence of dictatorships in the sub-continent. The only reason he seems able to adduce is that the embryonic South American republics unconsciously see in their dictators a reincarnation of Napoleon, until they are disillusioned. This is at best too fanciful a reason to be taken seriously and is, in any case, superficial.

In countries that differ so much among themselves, as Mr. Ryan rightly points out, there must be some underlying explanation of parallel political developments; not that even in the sphere of politics can all the republics be lumped together. There is, however, in practically all the republics, a dictator or a tendency to return to autocratic rule once a somewhat anarchic type of democracy has been tried.

The original cause can probably be traced to the decline of parliamentary institutions in the Peninsula during the sixteenth century, which had, in the Middle Ages, been as strong as in England. Government in the New World reproduced the pattern of the Old. In the United States, the original fathers of the Republic inherited from England their principles of government and their basis of law. South America at the time of liberation was not 'ready for independence', to use a phrase which students of colonial history are fond of using.

Having come of age prematurely, these countries were then subjected to the stresses of nineteenth-century development and change which allowed them little chance of achieving stability. This development has continued and been accelerated in the twentieth century when, through the cross-currents of foreign exploitation, nationalism, and world inflation, it has been impossible to steer a clear course.

There is one further factor which must be borne in mind and this is the temperament of the people. It would be unwise to produce an equation from the characters of the Spanish and Indian races, but it would not need a deep insight into history to see that neither of these races is likely to give rise easily to the more phlegmatic attitude to government of the Anglo-Saxon.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

D. N. VERMONT

Sir,—In 'The Stimulating Lands of South America' (THE LISTENER, August 15), Mr. A. P. Ryan states that the South American Indians follow a way of life that is 'not much different from that of their forebears who had never seen a Spaniard or a horse'. I think his statement is misleading as it suggests that there exists today in South America an ethnically different Indian culture.

The Indian of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, the three countries of the sub-continent with the largest Indian populations, was stripped of his ancestral Inca heritage by the Spanish Conquest almost overnight. In place of the old ways he was forced to assume the new ones brought by the Spaniards. So it has come about that today most of the customs of the Inca Empire are not even faintly remembered images among the Indians; that 'folk' remnants are sparse and of small significance; and that the Indian is better compared with a Spanish peasant of several centuries ago than with one of his remote pre-Conquest ancestors.

This Indian, for example, dresses in a style derived from Iberian costumes; he farms his lands, or pastures his herds, according to Iberian norms; his religion is Roman Catholicism; and his collective attitudes are not much different from those of the peasant farmer or herder one meets today in rural Spain or Portugal.

In short, the Indian does not constitute a distinct ethnic group, as I believe Mr. Ryan's remarks imply, but is, if anything, a lower class within the general framework and culture of Andean society.—Yours, etc.,

Madrid

CHARLES R. TEMPLE

The American Way of School Life

Sir,—I am flattered to find how many comments my talk has provoked, and, as Mr. Martin Kendall politely hints, my attempt to cram American education into fourteen minutes was bound to result in generalisations that are wide open to criticism. I agree with Mr. Alun Trevor

that England, unlike America, and possibly Wales, did not need a public education system to help to bring her to nationhood, but I stick to my view that America believes in her system of education in a way that we do not yet do. The proof is that we spend only three per cent. of our national income on education, that we tolerate the continued use of hopelessly unsuitable school buildings dating from more than 100 years ago, and that attempts to introduce civilised standards of architectural design, pictures and sculpture, or of pay for teachers, or even for school libraries, are still frequently denounced as a wicked waste of money.

Mr. Trevor and Mr. S. W. Tiller take me to task for suggesting that American teachers are on average better paid than British teachers. I did say that cash comparisons were fallacious, that the turnover in men teachers was far larger than with us, and that America was facing a large and increasing problem of recruitment. My conclusion that American teachers have better living standards than ours is not invalidated by arguments that American electricians and plumbers have higher standards still. In both countries professions such as teaching and some others which require lengthy schooling followed by several years of vocational education are at present underpaid in comparison with skilled and even unskilled manual jobs. I do not suggest that we should pay plumbers less, but that we shall have to pay teachers more, or there will be no one to educate and train the plumbers!

Mr. G. N. Woolnough, of Montreal, rates me for my 'eulogistic description' of American education. Obviously I could, as I hinted, have concentrated on its defects. But the time so spent would have been wasted, since I was trying to summarise the significant differences, the beliefs and methods which I found interesting, and the things most likely to make us look critically at our own ways and assumptions. If I had a modest didactic purpose, it was to shake the complacency which takes it for granted that the British way of doing things, whether in education or in expecting customers to drink tepid water, is part of the order of nature, and that the lesser breeds without the law would simply love to copy us if only they knew how! To his complaint that the American high school leaves some studies till much too late I reply that much that we try to teach our own teenagers would, as Sir Richard Livingstone has pointed out, be learnt far better at a later age. And for his fourteen-year-old who is sobbing for his algebra I offer in exchange an English prep-school boy of eleven who spends more than half his week on Latin and Greek—on all possible grounds a badly balanced education for his age and stage.

The suggestion that it is dangerous to aim at producing an intellectual *élite* was not mine (and it could not be Mr. Khrushchev's, because Russia does it!); it is classic American educational doctrine. During my visit I used to rehearse the arguments against this doctrine wherever it was polite to do so. Mr. Woolnough is right in suggesting that the doctrine, and the concomitant fear of 'streaming' according to ability, are increasingly being questioned inside America. The really fascinating point, and one which I set myself particularly to study, is that these doubts are prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic at precisely the moment when many

consciences here are disturbed by our system of segregating the abler children from the age of eleven. These opposite and complementary crises of conscience may result eventually in American and British secondary schools converging on each other in purpose and method much more closely than they do at present. But that is another story.—Yours, etc.,

Matlock

JACK LONGLAND

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER.]

Reflections on Linguistic Philosophy

Sir,—Having just returned from abroad I only belatedly read the three critical letters concerning my 'Reflections on Linguistic Philosophy' in THE LISTENER of August 22.

Mr. Heckstall-Smith's idea that I base my charges on Wittgenstein's work published in 1922 as opposed to his second and posthumous book (of which I am not totally unaware, having once reviewed it), can only arise from Mr. Heckstall-Smith not having read my talks properly. It is perfectly clear from my talks that I am criticising the movement influenced by Wittgenstein's *later* views. Incidentally, I should not charge Wittgenstein himself with dullness—and least of all his *Tractatus*.

Mr. Heckstall-Smith is seriously misleading when he suggests that Wittgenstein's views 'frighten professional philosophers' whilst illuminating 'ordinary people'. In fact, the biggest homogeneous (*pace* Mr. Gjertsen) block of opinion among professional philosophers is the Wittgensteinian. My criticisms were directed against this characteristically professional—because scholastic—movement, in an attempt to save the unprofessional thinker interested in some genuine issue from being awed into accepting the trivial and sterile straitjacket of 'linguistic' techniques. It is true that Wittgenstein and his followers use 'very few long words and almost no technical terms'—but what a naive touchstone of clarity that is!

I am grateful indeed for Professor J. J. C. Smart's letter and only wish it were longer. Professor Smart (unintentionally) confirms my point by illustrating it. He cannot conceive anything mysterious other than currently unsolved scientific problems... Lucky man!

He also thereby satisfies one of Mr. Gjertsen's complaints, by providing a named instance of someone whom the cap fits. Mr. Gjertsen clearly knows a great deal about contemporary philosophy and will easily recognise others. But on one point I fear he has misunderstood me. I know that Waismann and Quine have denied the two-kinds-of-truth theory (incidentally, I should never count Quine amongst 'linguistic philosophers', *i.e.*, those influenced by Wittgenstein's later views), and indeed there are many others who refuse to work with those two simple pigeon-holes. I stressed that the notion was *at the root* of their philosophic practice, as a more or less overtly operative presupposition; which is quite compatible with their denials of it at the level of formulated doctrine. I may be wrong in my *logical* depth-analysis, but I cannot be refuted by simply adducing quotations of the denial of that doctrine. (I am not even concerned to argue that the doctrine is false—only that it is presupposed.)—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

ERNEST GELLNER

Law in Action

Obstructing the Police

By J. A. COUTTS

ONE May night in 1954, the son of a Yorkshire publican arrived home after 'closing time'. He called out: 'It's me, Mum. It's all right'. He then caught sight of a policeman and changed his tune. 'The police are outside', he called. 'Make sure that you are clear before you open the door. The place is surrounded by police'. He then turned to a policeman and said: 'You'll not catch them, because I've told them you're here'.

The door was opened eight minutes later and, although there may have been some reason for suspicion, no offence was shown to have been committed by the licensee. Not unnaturally, a policeman accused the son on the spot of obstructing the police. But he replied: 'It wasn't obstruction; I only saw you standing out there like a fool'. Notwithstanding this somewhat inconsequential reply, he was duly charged with the statutory offence of obstructing a police constable in the execution of his duty and convicted.

Keeping the Door Locked

If the licensee himself had deliberately kept the door barred in the face of the police, he could have been convicted of obstructing them, for a locked door is obviously a physical obstruction. Here it was the son's act which caused the physical obstruction, for he induced the person who would otherwise have opened the door to keep it locked. He therefore caused an obstruction to remain in the path of the police as effectively as if he had locked the door himself. We may say, then, that in this case, which is reported as *Hinchliffe v. Sheldon* in 1955¹, the son caused a physical obstruction and was rightly convicted of that obstruction.

But the Lord Chief Justice upheld the conviction on a far wider ground. He said: obstruction means making it more difficult for the police to carry out their duties. (And the son had certainly done that. As he himself told one of them, he had kept him standing out there like a fool.) This introduces an entirely different element. If obstruction means making it more difficult for the police to carry out their duties, then any obstruction, including a non-physical obstruction, will suffice to ground a conviction. Well, you will say, why not? The word obstruction in everyday speech is frequently used in a purely metaphorical sense. Why not here?

The answer is that we are concerned with the meaning of the word obstruction not in everyday speech but in a statutory context; a controlling context. The Prevention of Crimes Acts deal with those who assault, resist or wilfully obstruct². The Scottish courts have held that the word 'obstruct' must, in this context, bear a restricted meaning, a meaning akin to that of the other two words, 'assault' and 'resist'. It is so used in the statute as to associate it with physical interferences only and to contrast it with mere adverse influence or trickery.

Thus, in *Curlett v. McKechnie*³, a father and son, neither of whom was entitled to drive without supervision, were involved in a road accident. They falsely told the police that the car had been driven by another son who was entitled to drive. This lie obviously made it more difficult for the police to carry out their duty of investigating the accident. But the Scottish court refused to convict the father or son of obstruction. In Scotland, therefore, the offence of obstructing a police constable in the execution of his duty is limited to an obstruction which has some physical aspect. The obstruction must be something in the nature of an assault or resistance.

The Police Sergeant and the Pigs

But the relation between assault and obstruction is not wholly clear. Suppose you have an assault without an interference. Is that obstruction? We can go to Belfast for the answer—or, rather, answers—to that question. The statute we have been considering did not apply to Ireland, for, when it came to be debated in the House of Commons in Bill form, an Irish member persuaded the House to reject its application to Ireland on the plea that, in his country, to obstruct the police was 'rather meritorious than otherwise'. But in Belfast it is an offence to obstruct an officer who is seizing livestock which he suspects has been smuggled over the Irish Border.

Recently, in 1953, a police sergeant ordered his men to seize some pigs. He himself stood by and took no part in their removal. But the owner rushed at him and struck him twice in the chest, no doubt the more clearly to bring to his mind the blunt question: 'Who gave these men authority to interfere with my pigs?' This incident does not appear to have impeded the removal of the pigs, for the sergeant's men who were doing the job remained stoically unperturbed by the contemporaneous assault upon their sergeant.

When the owner was charged with obstructing the sergeant in the execution of his duty, three judges gave three separate and inconsistent opinions⁴. Mr. Justice Sheil accepted the magistrate's finding that there had been no obstruction of the pigs' removal and therefore no crime of obstruction had been committed. Lord MacDermott held that the owner was guilty of obstruction because (he said) the offence does not necessarily connote any actual hindering of the person alleged to be obstructed. Lord Justice Black also held that the owner was guilty of obstruction, but for the different reason that (in his view) the sergeant had been obstructed: his attention had been distracted from his duty of superintending the pigs' removal.

But whatever the relation between assault and obstruction in Belfast or Edinburgh, the English decisions undoubtedly support the view that the crime of obstructing the police in England is not limited to cases of physical obstruction.

In the early history of English motoring, when the police laid traps in which to catch speeding motorists, there were those who thought fit to warn the motorists of these traps. Such conduct did not, of course, physically obstruct the police. Could it be said that it was none the less a statutory obstruction of the police in the execution of their duty? Fifty years ago, Mr. Justice Ridley was convinced that it could not, because (he said) the police must prove that they have been interfered with by physical force or threats. But the other English judges were agreed that you can be guilty of obstructing the police without physically interfering with them⁵.

A curious distinction was taken. If you warn a motorist who has up to then done nothing wrong, you do not obstruct the police. But if you warn a motorist who has already broken the law, such a warning is an obstruction. Later the publican's son, charged with an obstruction for warning his parents of a police raid, relied on this very distinction. He said: if warning an innocent motorist of a police trap is not obstruction, then warning my innocent parents of a police raid is not obstruction. He was met with the argument that in his case the police had a right to enter the public house. Of course they had. But, equally, in the motoring cases they had a right to enter the place where the trap was laid. Wherein, then, lies the difference? The argument is unconvincing because it is irrelevant. But you will remember that the publican's son was convicted.

There are, therefore, warnings and warnings. Some are statutory obstructions; some are not. In view of what happened to the publican's son, in *Hinchliffe v. Sheldon*⁶, it is no longer possible to say that warning the innocent is itself an innocent act, while warning the guilty is an offence. For the publican's son warned those against whom there was no evidence of guilt, yet he was convicted. What, then, is the difference? Mr. Justice Darling suggested⁷ that if your warning is intended to induce the person warned to refrain from committing an offence, you are innocent; but if your warning is intended to enable him to avoid arrest, you are guilty. 'It is quite easy to distinguish the cases', he said. But is it? The two intentions are not mutually exclusive: you may act from mixed motives.

The Escaped Felon at the Inn

The English courts were not always so hard upon those who fail to co-operate with the police. Almost a century ago, they determined that merely standing aside is not an obstruction. In *The Queen v. Green*⁸, an innkeeper had an escaped felon in his house. A policeman said to him: 'You scoundrel! How dare you harbour a felon?' To this the innkeeper replied (no doubt with a shrug of the shoulders): 'You'd better go and find him'. Through lack of guidance from the innkeeper, the constable reached the upper floor just in time to see the felon

¹ [1955] 1 W.L.R. 1207. ² Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871, s.12; Prevention of Crimes Amendment Act, 1885, s.2. Similarly the Offences Against the Person Act, 1861, s.18. ³ S.C. (J.) 176. ⁴ In *The Minister of Agriculture v. Marmion* [1955] N.I. 224. ⁵ See *Bastable v. Little* [1907] 1 K.B.59; *Betts v. Stevens* [1910] 1 K.B.1. ⁶ [1955] 1 W.L.R. 1207. ⁷ See [1907] 1 K.B.63 and [1910] 1 K.B.8. ⁸ (1861) 8 Cox, C. C. 441.

Amalgerwocky

("It must be something to do with Guinness getting together with Callard & Bowser," said Alice.)



'T was thrillig, when the toffee coves
Did bowse and callard till, licklipt,
All gleesome were the kiddiedroves,
While the Mumdads upsipt -

Upsipt their Guinness. Gnormous luck!
The taste of both is tip-top-notch;
Enjoy the glug-glug glass, or suck
The munchant Butter-Scotch.

Ah, did you mutter "Butter-Scotch"?
Leave some for us, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callard, callay!
We'll bowser in our joy.



MUMDADS



KIDDIEDROVES



Issued jointly by

GUINNESS
AND
**CALLARD
& BOWSER**

Guinness, brewers of stout since 1759,
six years ago acquired control of
Callard & Bowser, makers of fine Butter-
Scotch and other confectionery since 1837.

G.E. 2944.A

Few tobaccos are as good as
**RICH DARK
HONEYDEW**



FLAKE OR

4/10
PER OZ.

RUBBED OUT



ET TU, BRUTE?

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successfully escaping through a window. The innkeeper was, however, acquitted of obstruction.

But if standing still is not obstruction, running away may be. The high-water mark of the English doctrine of non-physical obstruction is reached in the case of the bookmaker's 'look-out'. He is stationed at the end of the road in which the bookmaker is plying his trade. His function is to warn the bookmaker of the approach of the police. And this he does by running away as soon as he sees a policeman. He can be convicted of obstructing the police, even though the police may not be on the track of the bookmaker, or even aware of his existence, at the moment at which the 'look-out' gives the warning⁹. Here you have the clearest contrast between those who say an obstruction must be a physical interference and those who say this is not necessary. For what could be more clearly the converse of getting in the way of a person than to run rapidly away from him the moment you catch sight of him, and if possible before he sees you?

If the English courts are right in holding that you may obstruct the police without literally getting in their way, are there any limits to this offence? If obstruction includes any and every act which makes it more difficult for the police to carry out their duties, some curious results follow.

Suppose a policeman asks you for your name and you refuse to give it. This is not itself a crime. But there are many occasions upon which a policeman has a right, and therefore a duty, to demand your name. At a parliamentary election meeting, for example, you may be required to give your name if you act in a disorderly manner¹⁰. If you refuse to give it, then, says the relevant Act of Parliament, you may be fined forty shillings. But suppose your policeman is not satisfied with that. May he say: 'I have a duty to take your name; your refusal obstructs me in the execution of that duty; I shall have you convicted of obstructing me, and not fined a mere forty shillings, as the Act says, but sent to prison for six months, for the

obstruction'? That would be a strange result. Or, again: suppose you have committed some trivial offence; and suppose a policeman asks you whether you have done so, and you say no. Your lie makes it more difficult for him to carry out his duty of detecting crime. Can you therefore be convicted of obstructing him in the execution of his duty and sent to prison for six months? I hardly think so.

But almost fifty years ago Mr. Justice Darling suggested that a policeman investigating a crime could be said to be obstructed in the execution of that duty, if he were wilfully misled by false information¹¹. The Scottish courts, as we have seen, have refused to accept that proposition.

No danger arises from this refusal to treat a false statement as an obstruction, for false statements may be dealt with by other methods. But meanwhile it is impossible to reconcile the English and Scottish views. If the Scottish courts are right in their view that misleading information given to the police is not a statutory obstruction, then the English courts can hardly be right in their view that correct information given to an offender is a statutory obstruction.

Where the same provision of the same statute is meant to apply equally to England and to Scotland, it is obviously unfortunate that the same language should bear one meaning in one country and a totally different meaning in the other. Indeed, the English and Scottish courts have often told us how unfortunate this would be. Lord Goddard recently remarked that it would be undesirable if bakers on one side of the Border could do a thing and bakers on the other side could not¹². Both sets of courts have conscientiously striven to keep their decisions in line. But they have not always succeeded.

We have already seen that if you try to cover up the commission of a road traffic offence by lying to the police in Scotland, you are not guilty of obstructing the police. But in England such false statements may amount to obstruction, if obstruction is to include any act making it more difficult for the police to carry out their duties. Parliament has enacted that anyone who obstructs a police constable shall be guilty

of one and the same offence, and be liable to one and the same penalty, whether that police constable be English or Scottish. It is surely contrary to common sense to assume that acts which obstruct a policeman in London do not obstruct a policeman in Edinburgh.

But this is only one instance of cases in which the courts of England and Scotland have differed in the interpretation of a statute applying to both countries. One or two discrepancies may not matter much: but the list is becoming quite long. There are instances under the Road Traffic Acts apart from that of lying to the police after a road accident. These statutes create offences common to both countries, but, on crossing the Border, the motorist may find himself, legally speaking, in a new world. What is a road in England is not necessarily a road in Scotland. What is a motor-car in England is not necessarily a motor-car in Scotland. What is a reportable accident in Scotland is not necessarily a reportable accident in England. What amounts to being drunk in charge of a motor-car in England does not necessarily amount to this offence in Scotland¹³. And there are many other cases.

What, then, is to be done about it? It cannot be left to the courts, for (as we have seen), with the best will in the world, their opinions diverge. Reforming legislation is one answer; but it does not always succeed. There have been instances in which parliament has intervened to settle a difference between the courts of the two countries, but ultimately the courts have differed again¹⁴. What is needed, it seems, is the decision of some tribunal with jurisdiction over England, Scotland and Northern Ireland; and the only tribunal with that jurisdiction is the House of Lords. In England, no appeal in a criminal case tried in the Magistrates' courts can go higher than the Queen's Bench Divisional Court. Is there not a case for legislation which will permit such conflicts to be carried to the House of Lords? But perhaps this is to crack a nut with a sledge-hammer. Meanwhile, if you wish to obstruct the police, but only metaphorically, go to Scotland; do not stay in England.

—Third Programme

⁹ See *R. v. Sandbach*, ex p. *Williams* [1935] 2 K.B. 192. ¹⁰ See the Representation of the People Act, 1949, s. 84. ¹¹ *Bastable v. Little*, supra, at p. 63. ¹² *Trickers (Confectioners) Ltd. v. Barnes* [1955] 1 W.L.R. 372. ¹³ See the *Journal of Criminal Law*, Vol. 17, p. 363; Vol. 18, p. 19; Vol. 20, p. 63; Vol. 21, p. 5. ¹⁴ See the *Journal of Criminal Law*, Vol. 17, p. 334.

September Work in the Garden

By F. H. STREETER

EXAMINE all your flowers and remove all the seed pods and dead blooms. This will make way for others that will keep your beds and borders in a glorious blaze of autumn colours and tints. Keep a sharp look-out for those clumps of colchicums. By next week they should be in full bloom. They really start off the bulb season, and do you know you can plant them now and get some flowers in a few weeks' time? This autumn when you plant colchicums always plant them lengthwise, not like other bulbs. You will find they do much better like this.

The lovely yellow *Sternbergia lutea* is also on the move. This is a beautiful little bulb, not grown half enough. Even one clump, say a dozen bulbs, will give you infinite pleasure. Plant them under the shelter of a south wall, forget them for the spring and summer, then up they will come about this time every year.

Another job you should do is to plant violets in a cold frame. These violets are often left far too late, and they have not a chance to become established before the wet and cold weather sets in. If you can plant them now they will start re-rooting in a few days, and in a very short while those beautifully scented little flowers will appear. Always plant them well up to the top of the frames and use any amount of leaf soil for them to grow in. Princess of Wales for a single and Marie Louise for a double are really lovely varieties. You can grow violets well on a warm border if you do not happen to have a frame to spare.

There are several flower seeds that need sowing now to flower next spring after the bulk of the bulbs have finished. If you sow larkspurs now on an open border they will give you spikes up to three feet in length. They help to fill the gap after the tulips. Then there is love-in-the-

mist, or nigella. A few rows sown now will come in before the spring-sown annuals. It seems incredible that these lovely flowers should stand frost and snow, and bitter winds, but they will. And what plants they make if you will thin them out to at least a foot apart. Shirley poppies, too, will often stand our winters. They will flower for months in all their lovely pastel shades.

Here are a few suggestions: keep an eye on the early varieties of apples and pears. Look over them every week and use them up. They will not keep. Look out and get rid of every wasp nest you can. The wasps can do a great deal of damage both to fruit and flowers. If you have any frame melons ripening keep them much drier, and give a little air on the frame day and night. Protect your autumn-fruiting raspberries and strawberries from the birds.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID PIPER

THE London galleries are still laid out for mixed grazing, with one exception. This is the most engaging exhibition of bad paintings by George Chinnery at the Arts Council, St. James's Square; I recommend it warmly but only if your aesthetic susceptibilities are not so developed that they stick out vulnerably in front of the rest of your register; if they do, here they will get hurt. Recently, a number of brisk, small oil-sketches about on the art-market had suggested that Chinnery (a contemporary more-or-less of Constable) had been perhaps too lowly rated as a painter; collected together his work does not sustain any such suggestion—indeed, it denies it, alas, flatly.

The catalogue, ably and lovingly built with excellent apparatus, moves off on the wrong foot, for Chinnery does not deserve this scientific attention of art-history. Apart from a small handful of paintings and drawings that have a genuine if slight decorative charm, the interest of his work relates to the history of the picturesque. Chinnery transplanted the academic English vision first on to India, and then on to China; he was almost entirely successful—more so than those English gardeners who continuously tried the same trick in horticulture—in turning the exotic landscapes of the East into the British view of life: often his paintings resemble inferior Morlands lumping through an oriental fancy-dress. In the portraits, the faces of his Anglo-Indian sitters, popping complexions, bright to bursting point, burn like beacons from the stranglehold of their unrelenting European dress; temperatures of 100 degrees upwards were no reason to relax the propriety of dress, nor could the tremendous Indian light disperse the memory of soft English pastures.

But perhaps the greatest curiosity of this show is the contrast between the general tram-like orthodoxy of Chinnery's painting and drawing, and the erratic flight of his personal career. Born in 1774, he recoiled as it were to Ireland, and thence sprang through England east to Madras, Calcutta, and on to his settling-point (1825) in Macao, China; behind him he shed an expended marriage, various illegitimate children, and debts in spectacular galaxy. The skeleton of known biographical fact, though incomplete and scanty, could easily support the flesh and spirit of a Gully Jimson. According to one legend, that persisted still early this century, Chinnery did not in fact die in Macao in 1852, as official records boringly insist, but faked a death and fled on to Peking, having finally to be poisoned there (by Imperial Edict) in gaol at the age of 102, and leaving a further batch of children who painted on under the patronymic of Chinna Lee. Doubtless un-

true, but one can't be quite sure, and he seems to have been the sort of Joyce Cary character that engenders such stories: consider his self-portrait, one of his best paintings. I have always wondered, incidentally, whether Cary's Gully Jimson was not probably a very bad painter.

From this one-man show one moves on elsewhere to the mixture which is mostly as before;

what we now see it always has been, major and living monument.

There are very fine bronzes (especially Degas and Manzu); there are the backs of a woman and child, turned away from you, at an open window, and time goes by (Vuillard). There is a small cyclone of paint that reveals eventually a hot Midi landscape (Soutine). There is that marvellous serious self-portrait head that appeared in the famous Weinberg sale this summer and that I had thought gone for ever to America (Degas). There is much else, and for further pleasure in the same sort of traditions try the Crane Kalman gallery in the Brompton Road, with notably a series of sober, supremely efficiently constructed landscapes and still-lives (Jean Marchand), and a group of milliners sitting faintly, very delicately and finally still, lest the slightest stir should destroy them (Vuillard again).

At Jeffress, Davies Street, everything is newer yet backward-looking in the surreal and regretful clarity of dreams, everything a little sharper than it can ever be. African scenes featuring jungle and Victorian locomotives, fragile, bright and hollow as a bubble (Felix Kelly); *trompe l'oeils* (Chopping and Hobdell); a gorgeous, sad, tumbled Venus awash in the lush grass of Crystal Palace (Sylvia Sleight). At the Leicester Galleries, 'Artists of Fame and Promise', Part II: deep peace, mellifluous on the whole in muted harmonies, but in the middle a near-abstract, alleged to be a farm in Sussex, painted most concretely and shockfully over dizzy depths (Keith Vaughan).

And thence to hurly-burly at Gimpel's—'Six Young Contemporaries'. Ages twenty-five to twenty-seven; chosen by a Critic, a Collector, an Artist, and a Dealer. Most original and accomplished at this stage is

the quietest of them, B. M. Coote, who shows beautifully balanced paintings like tessellated pavements inscribed with obsessive symbols. The others mostly rollick, mostly *tachiste*, splashing in the swim. Richard Smith, with a generous clean decorative talent, bangs brilliant red on to the canvas so that the colour bounces well back into the room. Margaret Evans, with dribbles, gets, in 'Figures on the Sea Shore', an atmospheric effect surprisingly like the drizzling marshscapes of Bellingham-Smith; Robyn Denny hits the paint around over clear blue, and amongst it, often in collage, swarm letters of the alphabet, some divine scrambled message frantic to cohere. Mike Elliott reads like a memory of late (Boogie Woogie) Mondrian in fluorescent terms, and Robin Plummer paints rather sombre, solid, abstracts. All are hearteningly able, though none, except perhaps Coote, suggested to me that an explorer was on his way.



George Chinnery (1774-1852), a self-portrait: from the exhibition at the Arts Council, St. James's Square

not for that the less enjoyable. In the 'trendentious' exhibitions of the full season, the amateur tends to find himself assessing importances and putting artists in their place in the hierarchy; in the mixed summer shows it is easier to browse and to take simple pleasure in the individual pictures. At the Tate, a loan exhibition of part of the Hulton collection is, however, sumptuous with well-established names that arouse expectations like mention of well-known vintages. From Delacroix ('L'Arabe Blessé', wonderful painting) to Picasso and Rouault, the works do not on the whole fail the names of those who made them. The Corots, the Monet, the Bonnard did not move me, and the noble Braque collage has shipwrecked in my eye on one of its components—newspaper discoloured to deep brown since it was first applied, and now obtruding like a rock: whereas the cubist Picasso still-life of 1912 has but consolidated itself in time, into

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Divorce in England

By O. R. McGregor. Heinemann. 18s.

ACCORDING TO ITS AUTHOR this book 'does not claim to be impartial (whatever that may mean); it does claim to be candid because throughout it attempts to "distinguish between fact and opinion". Both these claims—the negative and the positive alike—are fully justified. Indeed, the author might have gone further and added that wherever he has voiced opinion the fact upon which this is founded is always disclosed. His book is certainly an admirable example of that not very common combination—a work which is at once scholarly, controversial, and vividly written.

In no field has the law earned for itself a more deplorable reputation than in that concerned with divorce. Mr. McGregor traces the history of English divorce law from the absurdity which in the sixteenth century recognised clandestine marriages as at once valid and indissoluble, through the 300 years in which marriages could only be dissolved by private act of parliament, down to the modern epoch of Royal Commissions and successive relaxations of the law, which began with the Commission of 1850 and the first general recognition of the right to divorce embodied in the Act of 1857. Of the three Royal Commissions which have examined the divorce laws during this latest period, Mr. McGregor shows all too clearly that the most recent, the Morton Commission which reported in 1956, is, intellectually, easily the worst: its report, he finds, 'contributes nothing to our knowledge, and fails even to clarify and define opposing viewpoints or to facilitate public discussion'.

Some of the deficiencies of the Morton report Mr. McGregor has been at pains to make good in this book. The Commissioners, for example, made practically no use of the statistical material available in the Registrar General's returns, preferring to rely upon their own unsupported generalisations as to who gets divorced and why. In a valuable analysis of these statistics, Mr. McGregor brings out many facts which are frequently overlooked in contemporary discussions—such for instance as the high proportion (as much as 59 per cent.) of divorces in which the marriages dissolved have lasted for ten years or more. 'When the rising proportion of divorces amongst marriages of over twenty years' duration is read against the background of increasing expectation of life' it appears that 'the divorce court is now undertaking functions which, in the past, were the undertakers' prerogative'. Again, while divorce petitions have increased forty-fold during the past fifty years, the maintenance orders issued by magistrates' courts (which have long provided an uneasy substitute for divorce for those too poor to purchase the real article) have only doubled. Without doubt many of the divorces of today, 'when poverty no longer bars the way to the High Court', are the modern equivalent of the maintenance orders of yesterday.

Mr. McGregor is not one to mince his words. In a chapter on the Victorian family he roundly denounces the 'hypochondria of moralists who

diagnose a diseased present because they worship a past they do not understand'; and he makes short work of the stereotype of Victorian family life cherished by many of those who deplore what they imagine to be the trend of contemporary changes. His chapter on Christian marriage leads to the conclusion that the Law of God is held to 'justify an extensive range of irreconcilable propositions'; but this, it is fair to add, is reached after a discussion of the doctrinal issues involved, in which the author exhibits a degree of theological acumen that might well be envied by those whose inconsistencies he is concerned to expose.

The Greatness of Oliver Cromwell

By Maurice Ashley.

Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

'Knowe ye therefore that we of our special grace certaine knowledge and meere motion have constituted nominated assigned and appointed for us and our successors . . .'. Above the resonant formulae that introduce a roll of treasurers' accounts is a roughly coloured portrait of Oliver Cromwell, who had once sold his few remaining lands to become a tenant farmer and was now 'by the grace of God Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England'. The blue eyes look startled and a little irritable at finding themselves in such a setting. The white collar is folded neatly over the armour; the head is bare—and the crown worn only by the gilded heraldic lion above the motto '*pax quaeritur bello*'.

No other Englishman has approached so improbable an achievement, or, inevitably, so massive a pile of biographies. With September 3, 1958, still a year ahead, the chairman of the Cromwell Association has taken the tercentenary field early, in a commemorative volume that is likely to have, and deserve, a better market than most of its possible rivals. He does not, as he easily could, devote the whole of it to an analysis of Cromwellian historiography, from the 'hypocrite and traitor' or 'brave bad man' through the epic hero of Carlyle and the liberal statesman of Gardiner to his own 'conservative dictator'. The book is basically a biographical narrative and parts of it cannot help being much what one would find in any other. But there run prominently through it two new threads: a critical assessment of modern research, including much of his own, and a revised estimate of the 'greatness'. The first of these stresses that there is still much in Oliver's career which we do not know, and on which over-confident assertions have grown into accepted parts. But the second is a question research does little to answer. Why, if we take for granted the emergence of a single leader from the chaos of the parliamentary victory, was it Cromwell and not Ireton, a clearer political thinker, or Lambert 'almost as superb a general', or Harrison, or Lilburne? The familiar phrase 'indefinable quality of leadership' creeps in; and it is easier to scoff at it than to replace it.

Mr. Ashley is concerned more with the 'greatness in its noblest sense' of the Cromwell

who tried honestly and long to negotiate a settlement with Charles; who was prepared to tolerate even Jews and (almost, sometimes) Catholics; who rated the sufferings of James Naylor as high as the question of the crown. He defends the 'massacres' of Drogheda and Wexford, partly by a comparison with Hiroshima and Nagasaki that not everyone will think a point in favour, and he touches very lightly on the more repellent manifestations of Oliver's 'private wire to God'. But the picture is on the whole a just one. Healing and settling, and carefully measured social reform, were necessary. Parliaments and councils went infuriatingly wrong about them. Could it be that the Huntingdonshire squire of his special grace and mere motion should do it all himself? Perhaps a sign of greatness was that he never quite knew.

Young Days in Tibet

By Tsewang Pemba. Cape. 15s.

Dr. Pemba provides an antidote to the hyper-imaginative western view of a Tibet saturated in magic and mystery. He puts the occult, and all that, in its place as an interesting but rare part of the life of a typical Tibetan. It is not easy to see Dr. Pemba himself as a typical Tibetan. He has recently spent several years in Britain; before that he was at an English school in the Darjeeling District; and from his earliest days he was perhaps affected more than he is aware by the position of his father as a clerk (later a distinguished Assistant Officer) in the service of the British Agencies in Tibet. Most of that staff, although of Tibetan stock, were in constant touch with western ways and western thought; they were not Tibetan subjects and they looked across the border for their permanent homes. Against those western influences are to be set the conservative Tibetan ways of Dr. Pemba's mother and his Granny—one of the memorable and delightful figures in this book. Then, too, he enjoyed the wild freemasonry of his Tibetan boy companions and can tell us some things only a boy would know.

Ready adaptability is a Tibetan characteristic and Dr. Pemba has proved it by his acquisition not only of an English medical degree but also of a pleasing aptitude for the English language. Indeed, he may be better read in English than he is in Tibetan. Some of his information about Tibetan places and history is a hazy mixture of folk-legend which could have been corrected by reference to Tibetan books; and many of his representations of Tibetan words are unnecessarily wide of the Tibetan spelling. Nor is full justice done to western writers. The rabelaisian raconteur 'Aghu Temba' is mentioned not only by that nonpareil of Tibetan knowledge, the late Sir Charles Bell, but also in the books of Herr Harrer and Mr. Ford.

No one, of course, will expect the whole truth about Tibet in the reminiscences of boyhood, but the integrity of the general picture which Dr. Pemba presents is transparent. A warmth of affection lights his deliberately matter-of-fact account which, easily and without pretension, puts into its proper proportions Tibet as a boy knew it up to some seven years ago.

DISCOVERY

British Association Number—September

This issue contains the full address by Professor P. M. S. Blackett, F.R.S. to the British Association, "Technology and World Advancement".

Other articles include:

Deep Ocean Currents

by Dr. G. E. R. Deacon, F.R.S.

Techniques and Problems in Reactor Radiation Chemistry, by Drs. Linacre and Anderson

Imhotep, the First Scientist?

by Dr. Arkell

The International Geophysical Year: Month by Month

Change and Decay of British Industry

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AURORA DAWN

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None of us is likely, or ever has been, to see again the world he knew in childhood. Even Tibet has never been stationary although movement has at times been slow. Dr. Pemba is too young to appreciate how great was the increase in tempo during the twenty-five years before the Chinese invasion; but the changes then were all of the Tibetans' own taking. Now there is a direct foreign assault on the citadel of Tibetan life, the religious faith which preserves what Dr. Pemba calls 'the stability and backbone' of the people. One of the results of Dr. Pemba's western education has been the loss of his ancestral beliefs and he is pessimistic about the possibility of Tibetan religion standing up to the many attacks on it by the Chinese communists of which communications and a new sort of education are the most powerful; but perhaps he does not enquire deeply enough whether there is in the old 'backbone' some element of native toughness independent of the religious forces.

A new Tibet is inevitable although the change may still take time. Let us see whether, even if the present rule of religion is upset, the solid, patient strength, the kindness and humour of the Tibetans, together with their peculiar geographical and climatic surroundings, their natural ability and their traditional dislike of being dictated to by foreigners, may not produce in the future not just something 'little different from any modern Asiatic country' as Dr. Pemba fears, but something still characteristically and vitally Tibetan.

Herbaceous Garden Flora

By F. K. Makins. Dent. 35s.

A reliable garden flora has long been needed and this ambitious attempt by the late Mr. Makins, containing as it does not only dichotomous keys and species-descriptions but also excellent line-illustrations of every species, goes some way towards supplying it. But it does not go far enough: 991 species may have been a lot to draw but the number is quite inadequate for a flora essaying to be reasonably comprehensive. Furthermore no fewer than 238 of these are native species, for which a host of adequate and inexpensive floras are already available; and in any case persons capable of utilising such (admittedly basic) taxonomic as 'parietal, axile, or free-central placentation' hardly need to be directed towards such things as the snapdragon or the common buttercup. Much valuable space might have been saved for the badly needed descriptions of additional species.

In the Court of Public Opinion

By Alger Hiss. Calder. 25s.

The Unquiet Years: U.S.A. 1945-1955

By Herbert Agar. Hart-Davis. 15s.

Alger Hiss' own account of the Hiss case has been awaited with interest owing to the difficulty most observers in the United States and outside have found in making up their minds about this sensational affair, and for the light it might throw on the troubled years of post-war America. It makes absorbing reading; though it can hardly be said to make it easier for the general reader to do what is asked of him or put himself in the position of a jurymen and reverse the official verdict. In strong contrast to his accuser Whittaker Chambers, who poured personal confessions into his book *Witness*, Hiss

remains legal, precise and to a considerable degree aloof. He reviews at length the evidence from the first hearing before the Un-American Activities Committee to his conviction at the end of the second trial, but refrains from giving any background of the manner of life, opinions and associates of his wife and himself during the 1930s when they were alleged to be active Communist agents. To the layman there is much to carry conviction in the new evidence which he produces regarding the 'pumpkin papers' and the account of the procedures for handling documents in the State Department. More striking still is his evidence that his lawyers and friends have been able to manufacture a copy of the Woodstock typewriter formerly owned by Mrs. Hiss and of such vital importance to the prosecution case. But to one self-appointed jurymen at least all this would be more convincing if the author emerged from the role of counsel and took even a brief stand in the witness-box.

In Mr. Agar's timely summary of events in the U.S.A. during 1945-1955 the Hiss case finds its place as one episode in years of distortion, frustration and frequent hysteria. 'The bomb', disillusionment with Russia, the Berlin airlift, Korea, the Communist victory in China, Western rearmament, the H bomb, proved successive and painful lessons in the truth that military success now settles nothing and that 'the sword of power, once drawn, can never be sheathed'. The immediate responses of the American people, including national witchhunting, the support of MacArthur's insubordination and McCarthy's excesses, are brilliantly sketched and shown in the light of a series of fevers from which the American body politic is now recovering. Mr. Agar is learned, liberal-minded and an optimist, and it is to be hoped that this conclusion will be proved right. Much will depend on the correctness of his comments on Mr. Eisenhower. The President, he maintains, took a Whig view of his office and was 'weak on purpose' during his first term; since re-election he has found his place as a national leader and is ready to assert new authority.

Voices of the Wild. By E. Simms.

Putnam. 21s.

For many years the B.B.C. has been building up a library of recorded natural history sounds—the songs or cries of wild birds, mammals, and even fishes. The work of Ludwig Koch laid the foundation of this collection, and for the last six years Eric Simms has been adding to it with the aid of modern technical developments. This book is an account of his experiences all over the British Isles and on parts of the Continent in search of new additions to the library.

Recordings of the noises made by wild animals are of considerable scientific interest in themselves, and now the sound-spectrograph which breaks down recorded sounds into their constituent frequencies adds much to our knowledge of a little-studied facet of biology. Recordings are also extensively used as 'illustrations' in talks and television broadcasts on natural history subjects, as well as to add local colour to other programmes. The modern recorder of animal noises has splendid apparatus at his command, especially the tape recorder, the latest developments of the microphone, and the parabolic reflector to pick up slight sounds at a distance.

The last two can be operated with light portable batteries up to a mile or more from the recording apparatus to which the sounds are sent by a 'walkie-talkie' transmitter. This new mobility is an immense advance upon the old cumbersome disc-recorder with its heavy batteries as the writer of this review can feelingly testify, for he lugged a set of these old-fashioned boxes of worry and frustration through Tanganyika some twenty years ago, and with immense trouble obtained some technically poor records of lions and hyaenas at their nocturnal concerts.

The recorder of the voices of the wild has to be an exceptional person; he must be a first rate naturalist as well as competent with his apparatus, he must have infinite patience and be able to take repeated disappointments with equanimity, and he must have a good measure of physical endurance for discomfort and even hardship. Eric Simms has all these qualities, and in addition he writes well and gives a most readable account of his adventures which everyone interested in natural history will enjoy.

Wyndham Lewis: a Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy. By Geoffrey Wagner. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.

This book sets out to examine in a scholarly way the relationship between Wyndham Lewis' critical opinions and his work as an artist. The relationship is studied under four headings which correspond to Lewis' interests: Politics, Art, Time and Satire. The book covers a very wide field with detailed documentation and commentary, and it will be extremely useful to Lewis' readers. Compared with Hugh Kenner's book on the same subject which appeared in this country in 1954 this study strikes a very cool note. Mr. Wagner appears to be less concerned with encouraging new readers to enter Lewis' territory than to dispel, for those who know it, the legendary atmosphere that lies across it. He offers a mass of valuable information but leaves nearly everything unsaid about the innermost point of his subject, the quality of Lewis' imagination.

Much of the book is devoted to the task of placing Lewis within the neo-classical movement of the early years of this century and defining his relationship to such anti-democratic, anti-romantic writers as Maurras, Benda, Marin-tain and Babbitt. The author also has a good deal to say about the way in which Lewis relied upon his opponents; this is made clear on two levels. For instance, in analysing the sources of Lewis' attitude as a satiric writer, Mr. Wagner quotes from the arch-enemy Bergson: '*Les attitudes, gestes et mouvements du corps humain sont risibles dans l'exacte mesure où ce corps nous fait penser à une simple mécanique*' and he draws the inevitable comparison with the idea of the automata that plays so large a part in Lewis' satiric novels. He concludes that 'nearly all Lewis' basic convictions about satire are to be found in Bergson'. At the same time, there was a deeper, subtler debt to the opponents. This book makes clearer than ever the degree to which Lewis thought in terms of opposites (classical-timeless-external versus romantic-timebound-introspective, etc.) and the reader begins to wonder what direction his assaults would have taken if Bergson, Spengler, Gertrude Stein and Co. had not been there to provide him with dense yet extensive punch-bags. It could be said that the Tarr-Lewis side of the argument, the sup-

posedly positive and heroic side, gained its characteristics from merely being the opposite of what it opposed; that Lewis defined himself by standing his opponents' convictions on their heads. At any rate the author of this book concludes: 'his is not a positive' philosophical approach. It is what can be summarised as Stopping the Rot'.

Then was the much discussed external style, the 'philosophy of the eye' itself no more than an opposing gesture towards the introspective styles of his great contemporaries? Mr. Wagner does not allow himself an extreme conclusion to this aspect of his study. But the reader can hardly help himself from going on: Lewis begins to look not so much an artist as a bore whose only mode of expression is in striking attitudes in which every feature has a perverse reference to the less self-conscious people who surrounded him; a ridiculous figure who endlessly proclaims his independence and yet has nothing to call his own, who repudiates the *Zeitgeist* and yet whose every word is in, as it were, the mirror writing of the *Zeitgeist*. This is perhaps how one really would end up by thinking of him if one were immune to the quality of what he wrote and painted and at the same time took all his arguments at their face value. In fact one cannot do the last because one is always faced with the ghostly feeling that there is somebody else behind the artist who made the thing one is reading or looking at; the Vorticist drawings are like illustrations of what a certain type of artist (a character out of Wyndham Lewis) would do; Tarr is in fact as much a puppet as Kreisler, and when Lewis is writing in the first person one feels no less that he is defining somebody outside himself.

What kind of an artist was he then? Certainly not the kind that he dramatised as a hero; if he had been he would never have had to write a word in self defence. In a recent note in the *Burlington Magazine* William Townsend has drawn attention to the expressionist that lay buried beneath the rigid forms of the early graphic work; later 'There was perhaps a revulsion . . . a fear of something over-energised in the wrong way'. And this is near the point. The polemics that run through his work from beginning to end are the polemics of Wyndham Lewis, personally. One begins to realise their force and the ferocity of his will to externalise them when one considers his range of subject-matter, how far into the outside world he penetrated. He clamps on to whatever subject he takes up with the same imaginative energy and it is this, far more than the apparatus of neo-classical ideas, that is the unifying element in his work.

The Sword and the Olive: Recollections of Diplomacy and the Foreign Service, 1913-1954. By Sir George Rendel. Murray. 28s.

Many members of the diplomatic service have had careers that have been as long as Sir George Rendel's, and as varied. Some have held posts of greater importance and distinction. But only a few have kept the same youthful zest for the craft of diplomacy down to the end of their official life. And fewer still have had the grace to admit, as he does, that on the whole they have been fortunate in their career and have much to be grateful for. These qualities

make for a lightness of touch and an absence of pomposity in this autobiographical book. They add charm to what is in fact a collection of reports on the highlights of Sir George Rendel's career—in Berlin, Athens and Madrid; in Sofia and in Brussels; on special Missions to the United States, the Belgian Congo and the Far East.

The most interesting chapters in the book are those devoted to the affairs of the Middle East. Sir George Rendel was head of the Eastern Department of the Foreign Office from 1930 to 1938; and the main problem-files of those pre-war years have undergone but little change since then. In so far as they have altered they have become more acute and more dangerous—e.g. Palestine and the effects of oil revenues on the peoples and politics of the Middle East States. In 1937 Sir George and his wife visited Saudi Arabia on the invitation of Ibn Saud. Our relations were cordial then; they had not yet been poisoned by unlimited Jewish immigration into Palestine; and Sir George Rendel was given an almost royal welcome. Some months later, in discussing Saudi Arabia with an Italian colleague, he had this to say of its king: 'I made it clear that he was the last ruler in the world to accept any kind of British or European tutelage'.

Also of great interest are the author's comments on Balkan affairs. He served as British Minister in Sofia from 1938 to 1941 and then became Minister in London to the Yugoslav Government in exile. Sir George paints an almost endearing picture of that unfortunate and unprepossessing monarch, King Boris. As for Yugoslavia, Sir George felt bound to the royal regime; and when he understood that the Government were on the point of switching their support from Mihailovich to Tito he asked for, and was given, another post.

A Short History of Communism in Asia By Malcolm Kennedy. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.

The dictum that the road to world revolution lies through the countries of Asia has so often been quoted that it has now become almost a cliché. From the founding of the Comintern in 1919 up to the second world war every attempt was made by Moscow to spread the doctrine of communism in Asia. A glance at the situation in that part of the world today shows that it was not without success. Captain Kennedy has taken the dictum, the source of which he attributes to Zinoviev in 1925, as his text in a work of scholarship which undoubtedly entailed extensive research. He has chronicled in detail the growth of revolutionary doctrine in the Far East from its beginnings to the present day.

Marx, of course, repudiated the racial issue, but Lenin, as the author reminds us at the outset, linked the desire of subject races for the right of self-determination with the anti-capitalist campaign for world revolution. Nationalist feelings in those eastern countries which were under foreign economic and political pressure were exploited by Moscow until nationalism and the communist struggle became almost indistinguishable. Indeed, there are moments in the book when a reader may feel disconcerted because the genuine nationalist leaders that emerged in the nineteen-twenties all began to talk and behave as if they had been imported from Russia. But it is as well to bear in

mind that those who were in the forefront of the nationalist movements during and after the second world war, like Nehru, Sukarno, and U Nu, were scorned by Moscow in the immediate post-war period because their ideas on the future of independent Asia owed little or nothing to communist doctrine.

Any history of communism in the East must be top-heavy with the course of events in China. Although much of the material in this book has appeared in histories of the Chinese revolution, it is all the more interesting put into juxtaposition with the relations between Moscow and other communist parties in Asia. The orthodox Russian line in China, as for the whole of the East, was that revolution was to use the urban proletariat as its springboard. The rise to power of Mao Tse-tung, and the slow and grudging acceptance by the doctrinaire Moscow communists of his theory of the peasant revolution altered the role of communism in Asia. This was the position after the last war, and to some extent Captain Kennedy does not give this fundamental change in direction of communism in Asia sufficient recognition.

By sticking, in writing of events after the war, to the belief that communism in Asia is still the Moscow-directed tool of world revolution, he underestimates the influence of Chinese ideas on the communist parties, and left-wing thinking generally, in Asia today. To many on the left in Asia the system Mao Tse-tung outlines for China is the answer to the problems confronting countries with large food-hungry and land-hungry populations. The objective of world revolution is no concern of south-east Asian left-wing intellectuals at this time; and within the countries, as in China, capitalism is not the front-rank enemy. It has come to be recognised in the East that the revolution in China, which overcame problems peculiar to Asia, was successful in spite of, not because of, Russian theory. The determination to stick to the Zinoviev dictum makes Captain Kennedy's fourth section less valuable, perhaps, than the earlier chapters, which contain much material highly interesting to students of political theory and of Asian affairs.

Phiz: Illustrations from the Novels of Charles Dickens. By Albert Johannsen. Cambridge, for University of Chicago Press. 67s.

This definitive work contains photo-facsimiles of every Dickens 'Phiz' illustration known to have been printed from more than a single plate, reproduced from the complete collection formed by Mr. Johannsen; some 250 subjects and 516 plates in all—different states of the same plate being in general ignored, and illustrations for which there was never more than a single plate altogether so. This book is obviously invaluable for the bibliographer; while at the same time, by showing once and for all that there are, with a few notable exceptions, no 'first' and 'second' plates, but only pairs of plates etched simultaneously in order to cope with the enormous printing demands, it tends to cut the 'rare book' fiend's ground from under him—dozens of 'first edition points' are despatched to their proper abiding-place by the author's sober investigations of the facts. The general reader may also glean interesting insights into the methods of a great Victorian illustrator at work.



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by J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes

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OCTOBER. *Heinemann* 18s: RU 5s 6d

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by Walter Lord

A vivid reconstruction of the wreck of the 'unsinkable' *Titanic*. 'Has a fascination uncanny and persistent.'—*Observer*.

NOVEMBER. *Longmans* 16s: RU 5s 6d

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by Peter Schmid

A Journey through Latin America. 'His supremely intelligent report ranges from interviews with dictators to conversations with head-hunters.'—*Daily Telegraph*. Plates. DECEMBER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson* 25s: RU 5s 6d

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by Raymond A. Lyttleton

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MARCH. *Secker & Warburg* 14s: RU 5s 6d

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SEPTEMBER. *O.U.P.* 50s: RU 30s

OLD FOUR-LEGS

by J. L. B. Smith

The Story of the *Coelacanth*. A modern Moby Dick. The dramatic human story behind the discovery of the fish thought to have been extinct for 50 million years. 'Exceptional interest . . . a fascinating book.'—*Sunday Times*. Plates.

OCTOBER. *Longmans* 21s: RU 10s

UNDER MILK WOOD

by Dylan Thomas

In its brilliance, sympathy, humour, and joy this 'play for voices' is the poet's finest epitaph. 'The most fascinating and original work ever written for broadcasting.'—*Listener*.

OCTOBER. *Dent* 9s 6d: RU 5s 6d

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by C. W. Ceram

The rediscovery of the Hittite Empire described by the author of *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*. 'Holds the reader captivated.'—*British Weekly*. Many plates.

NOVEMBER. *Gollancz with Sidgwick & Jackson* 25s: RU 12s 6d

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by Sir John Rothenstein

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Introduction by Bernard Braden

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The famous laughter-taster had a wealth of material to choose from in compiling this happy book, and 'he has done very, very well.'—*Books of the Month*.

DECEMBER. *Phoenix* 12s 6d: RU 6s 9d

KINGDOM OF THE BEASTS

by Julian Huxley and W. Suschitzky

175 large quarto plates, including 3 in colour, recording the beauty and variety of the animal kingdom; with an essay on evolution.

DECEMBER. *Thames & Hudson* 50s: RU 28s 6d

FRANCE 1940-1955

by Alexander Werth

The story of the Occupation, the Resistance, and post-war France brilliantly told by a great foreign correspondent. 'Masterly.'—*Sphere*.

AUGUST. *Robert Hale* 35s: RU 16s

INDIA

by Richard Lannoy

A photographic survey with full text. 'In their way, the best photographs I have ever seen.'—*Stephen Spender*. With 188 large plates, 6 in colour.

JANUARY. *Thames & Hudson* 42s: RU 28s 6d

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MARCH. *Hamish Hamilton* 21s: RU 10s 6d

DANGEROUS ESTATE

by Francis Williams

A study of the British press. 'A classic . . . brilliantly constructed . . . compulsively readable . . . joltingly funny.'—*Claud Cockburn (Punch)*.

MARCH. *Longmans* 24s: RU 11s 6d

THE WEEK-END BOOK

Edited by Sir Francis Meynell

A new edition of the famous anthology, 'one of the friendliest, most companionable ever compiled' (Eric Gillett)—containing six new sections. Line illustrations.

FEBRUARY. *The Nonesuch Press* 21s: RU 10s 6d

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Free House

THREE WEEKS AGO I spent an hour, a long one, in the synthetic new town of Have-ton. To be candid, I didn't enjoy my visit, but I am far from insisting that every documentary programme should be enjoyable; I insist merely that I should be interested, and 'The Invaders' exhibited some interesting human problems which the beginnings and development of a new town inevitably raise in an acute form. It also left me with the impression that life in a new town is intensely sociable.

Last week, less than a fortnight after Haver-ton, television transported me to another new town, a real one this time, and the impression of intense, even hectic, sociability was vehemently reinforced. But this impression was not of day-to-day Harlow, but of Harlow *en fête*. We saw crowds of Harlow folk dancing, watching sideshows, and generally having a good time. The occasion was the presentation of a £2,200 house to the Ideal Citizen Family who had been gradually isolated by oral and written examination from the 3,000 residents who had entered for the competition. When the programme began the 3,000 had been reduced to four, and one suspected that the perfunctory questioning of each couple in turn by the panel of judges—Lady Barnett, Douglas Insole, and Freddie Mills—was an act put on the for the purpose of the programme rather than a serious part of the process of selection, as was the showing of a film of each family in its home. After half an hour we left Harlow but returned for ten minutes at 10.10 p.m. to hear and see the announcement of the winning family and watch their progress in a vast, glittering motor-car, with a police escort, to the new house, there to be greeted and inducted by certain of the town dignitaries and dosed with champagne.

Well, let me try to discriminate. I was delighted to know that a worthy family had won what was visibly a very charming house, that the other three couples had got consolation prizes, and that Harlow should have an excuse for a public spree; and I don't doubt that many of the dwellers in Harlow got lots of kick out of watching the programme on their sets. But what about the rest of us? Other viewers have doubtless registered their various reactions in private but mine will be submitted to public scrutiny. Would I then damn myself as a civilised human being if I stated that for me the programme was a great bore? Perhaps, and so I will simply suggest that it was a matter of local rather than widespread interest and—a more serious defect—that we never came into real contact with the people concerned. Throughout it was a formal occasion and on formal occasions people are somewhat less than their real selves.

We saw and heard the four couples only when they were under scrutiny from the panel or the crowd or the camera fixing its

searching eye on their home life. Little wonder that their personalities never emerged, and therefore the programme lacked the human flavour which alone could have brought it to life. It was porridge without salt. But do not conclude that I am against the new towns: quite the contrary. Indeed, my chief complaint about these two programmes is that they did not show us a new town itself, its streets, squares, public buildings and homes and of course its inhabitants going about their usual affairs, with an intelligent commentary preferably by a leading modern architect.

A series of three discussions on religious beliefs began last week with a programme on divorce in which Dr. J. C. Heenan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, defended his Church's attitude to divorce against Malcolm Muggeridge, John Wren Lewis, a lay member of the Modern Churchmen's Union, and O. R. McGregor, a sociologist. I have retained no exact ideas of the various views of the three questioners who differed one from another at several points, but those of the Roman Catholic Church are precise, and the Archbishop had no difficulty in laying them down clearly and simply. What made the broadcast so interesting and refreshing was the clear-headedness, humour, courtesy, and natural friendliness with which he faced his interrogators. Whatever one might think of the result of the discussion, if result there were, the personality of

the archbishop dominated the programme.

But how difficult it is to foresee what one will find interesting and what dull. I could have bet you what you liked, for instance, that 'Facts



Children with Smoky the Clown at Broadstairs: a scene from 'Eye to Eye: the Big Gamble' on August 30

and Figures' would bore me stiff. It was a collection of precise arithmetical information, quite useless to me, about newspapers, and I found it enthralling. Why? I can't think.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Soft Answers

THE SCENE, for much of the time, was a converted railway carriage in a fold of the Welsh mountains. From the flutter in and round it there appeared a major ornithological discovery and a major novel (at least, a major book). We had to take each of these on trust: quite enough for one Sunday night. The wife in 'Cuckoo', as Elaine Morgan calls the play, observed to her husband, 'Don't you think there have been rather a lot of angry books?' Perhaps we can describe the piece as an antidote to anger: certainly a play to turn away wrath, though the last moments were a strain. Miss Morgan must have tired of the whole thing.

Still, what I enjoy about her approach to television is that she does approach it. She does not merely stand at a distance, fling across a stage play, and let the director do the rest. 'Cuckoo', like an earlier archaeological extravaganza, was made for the medium. Some of its filmed episodes had a pleasant craziness that scenes within the railway carriage lacked—possibly because the potential genius who could not let the presence of that rarity, a nest-building cuckoo, disturb his work, was even less like a genius than



'Give and Take', the first of three discussions on divorce, on August 27: the Most Rev. J. C. Heenan, Archbishop of Liverpool, defends the Roman Catholic attitude, challenged by (left to right) John Wren Lewis, Malcolm Muggeridge, and O. R. McGregor



Jill Dixon as Lettice Dodds, Jack Walters as the postman, and John Fraser as Johnny Dodds in 'Cuckoo' on September 1

usual. John Fraser could not help it; but I cannot think yet what the publishers were about when they offered an advance on the fellow's modern counterpart of *Tristram Shandy*. It must have been appalling.

The play was swifter when everyone in Llanbyther combined to keep the cuckoo inviolate, and to turn off bird-watchers and newshawks. It was here on Sunday that the evening went agreeably cuckoo (at last a word of cheer), and such artists as Jack Walters and T. H. Evans (Welsh) and David Hurst (resolute cuckoo-man from Munich) carried us with them, both on film and in the studio. At various times my heart was with Jill Dixon (married to genius) and Joan Young (excessively mobile librarian—Miss Morgan likes librarians) who joined the frolic round the nest. I did not believe in the cuckoo, but then I doubt if anyone did, even the director, Alvin Rakoff.

'Cuckoo' rested upon incident rather than wit. It was so with the week's other plays. Willis Hall's 'The Claverdon Road Job' appeared to be a North Midland answer to 'Dixon of Dock Green'. Its anecdote about a policeman's lot peeled the chestnuts; but two of the peelers were acted exceedingly well—by Leslie Sands as a sergeant, and, in particular, Albert Finney as a phlegmatic young man on the beat, with a tired wife at home. Here is a remarkable actor in the making. There was little enough in the part: Mr. Finney, with his expressive reserve, a contained quietness, set the man firmly before us from his first words. Nancie Jackson had a sharp three minutes as a slum wife. (Good; but why not have used capital letters in the closing titles? After this tough little piece the printing looked exasperatingly precious.)

'The Hasty Heart' was another soft-answer play, the old story (by John Patrick) about a hermit-crab Scottish soldier in a military hospital behind the Assam-Burma front. It came through better than it did on the stage, where its sentiment was more glutinous. Gordon Jackson understood the doomed Scot (Mr. Patrick has insisted upon the nationality) to whom at first all friendship is feigning, all loving

mere folly. We get the inevitable change of heart, but fortunately no happy-ever-after ending: the dramatist knows, wisely, that one can go too often to the treacle-well. Ursula Howells acted the Sister with an attractive ease and honesty. She soothed a headache that possibly rendered me unable to judge the ensuing 'Early to Braden', though in this diversion on marriage Braden appeared, more than once, to be back to his better form.

I felt that the sixth instalment of 'A Tale of Two Cities', largely before the Revolutionary Tribunal, remained in the dead vast and middle of Lime Grove, except when Peter Cloughton drove across the Prosecutor with a sense of place and when his colleagues lacked. It occurred to me again how very assiduous Dr. Manette must have been in the Bastille's North Tower when he wrote that prodigious document 'in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood'.

We can hardly speak of soft answers in the 'Escape' series where every move testifies to bravery. Even so, the last of the present line, 'Harry', about the mass escape in 1944, did make me feel that, for a while, we have had too much of the special and unvarying idiom of the escape-story. In 'Blood upon the Rose', of which we saw the first act from the Edinburgh Festival fringe, George Scott-Moncrieff also took us to dire reality in an east European country easily identifiable. Brian Whittle, as a fanatic with burning-glass eyes, and Leonard Maguire as a loved Liberal, came steadily to the attack; but the cameras X-rayed searchingly some of the lesser parts (and make-up).

A studio concert late on Sunday night was a happier Edinburgh programme. The unforced singing of Victoria de los Angeles and the sound of Szymon Goldberg's violin left us in bliss (and, appropriately, Anton Dermota sang

Schubert's song of that name). It came as bounty after an earlier 'high-speed television revue'. The best way to enjoy this was to watch it with the sound off: the softest of answers.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Things Past

SOME REPORTS of last week's B.B.C. press conference implied that drama will not be much reduced when the Third Programme is cut to three hours a night at the end of this month. But in fact, after the first week or two, there will be only one play a week (two performances) in the Third. Moreover, apart from a solitary Shakespeare (which should surely be in the Home Service where it would be heard by an audience several times the size), there is no non-contemporary English play in the Third Programme in the fourth quarter, though there will be some interesting European ones.


No doubt we have been over indulged with period pieces in the last year or two. There is the successful 'First Stage' series, whose dramatic quality has exceeded expectations. There is the selection of minor Elizabethan plays presented as the 'Shakespeare Apocrypha' and none the worse for that. There were excellent Jacobean productions. There are plenty more Jacobethan plays of at least equal quality. No doubt we shall in future hear one now and again. But what are the chances of a linked series in the limited time the Third has left to it? One seems to see hung over John Morris' desk an official notice like the one on the railings at Hampton Court: 'Cycles not permitted'.

'The Merry Devil of Edmonton' (Third, August 25) was the last of the 'Shakespeare Apocrypha' series, which has included a mere half-dozen of Tucker Brooke's fourteen unlikely candidates for the canon. Its Shakespearean claims, as Peter Watts mildly put it, have not been taken seriously by many critics, but it remains a likable popular play of sound workmanship. There was no nonsense about radio adaptation in the straightforward text Mr. Watts produced and which worked as well as ever it did. The production opened, like the Olivier film of 'Henry V', in an Elizabethan playhouse, with Prologue trying to silence the 'murmuring breath' of a lively audience. Then there was a sort of Faustus scene with Peter Fabell, the merry devil of the title, whose part in the subsequent proceedings is negligible. As Mr. Watts remarked, he was probably brought in because he was a popular figure, grafted on to the main plot. This tells how fair Millicent is lodged in a nunnery ('She must now cry *vale* to Lobster pies, hartichokes, and all such meates of mortalitie'), whence her lover, disguised as a ghostly father, spirits her away and, after nocturnal alarms in a forest, marries her. Actors, at any rate, do not seem to suffer from the delusion that this is only entertainment for eggheads. Denise Bryer, Basil Hoskins, Baliol Holloway, and the rest seemed to be thoroughly enjoying their well-written parts.


'The Châtelaine of Vergy' (Third, Tuesday) is not a stage-play but an adaptation by René Hagué of a thirteenth-century French poem of *amour courtois*. It is nevertheless so dramatic in



Scene from 'The Hasty Heart' on August 29, with (left to right) Gordon Jackson as Lachlen, Ursula Howells as Margaret, Dermott Walsh as Yank, Kevin Miles as Digger, Michael Bird as Tommy, and Barrie Cookson as Kiwi



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has something
the others haven't got*



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Hovis is the slice of life
so have some every day

movement that the plot might easily be taken for that of a Jacobean play, if it were shorn of its medieval trimmings. It is an odd quirk of the chivalric code that the Knight's ideal love affair with the Duke's married niece is held up to admiration, while the Duchess' inclination in the same direction is presented as plain perfidy. However, once scorned her Grace duly becomes a fury, charging the Knight with infamous advances and provoking his old comrade-in-arms the Duke to banish him. The Knight can avoid this harsh decree only by revealing to the Duke the identity of his true love, about which the Duke does not mind at all. But his Duchess then extracts the secret from him, taunts the poor niece with it and she, believing her Knight has broken faith with her, dies of grief. The Knight kills himself with his long sword, and the Duke then executes his demonic Duchess with the same weapon. If Mr. Hague's text 'has little relation to that of the poem' it nevertheless evokes the atmosphere of courtly romance, the figures are successfully stylised and sentient.

Ian Wallace, Denis Quilley, and Marjorie Westbury not only played the Duke, the Knight, and the niece, but sang the songs, set to contemporary airs by Adam de la Halle, arranged by the producer, Denis Stevens.

On Saturday night the Home Service gave us not a period play but a costume drama, Sardou somewhat over-Bonaparted. 'Madame Sans-Gêne' was a washerwoman who became a Duchess in the Revolution but refused to starch her manners. One cannot withhold respect from a play that knows what effects it wants and goes after them with an uninhibited delight in theatrical situations. Critically considered, it is what Shaw said it was. 'Sardou's Napoleon is rather better than Madame Tussaud's, and that is all that can be said for it'. Ellen Terry, like Réjane, Shaw added, put into the part of Madame Sans-Gêne herself 'as much acting as it will hold'. Miriam Karlin did not seem to be holding herself in, except in the scene with the costumier, where she had to, but she certainly filled the part, and Wilfrid Grantham's production made up in attack what the play lacks in subtlety and substance.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Pictures in Sound

'MERDEKA, Merdeka, Merdeka, Merdeka, Merdeka, Merdeka, Merdeka'—seven times Tengku Abdul Rahman shouted the Malay word for freedom. Seven times the huge crowd in Kuala Lumpur's new Stadium responded with a storm of cheers and clapping. This was 9.30 on Saturday morning; that evening in London, we heard recordings of the Duke of Gloucester's speech and a Malayan police band playing the new National Anthem; we could go to sleep imagining the sultans sitting on the carpeted dais under their saffron-coloured umbrellas.

As yet, the B.B.C. does not rival Ariel. Broadcasting House does not put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. Still, this was service. Of even greater service was the sound-picture of Malaya presented on the previous Wednesday. The knowledge most Englishmen possess of the Commonwealth is exceedingly vague. Stop a man in the street and ask him whether Trinidad is north or south of Jamaica. Let him tell you the capital of Ghana or name the principal port of Pakistan.

'This is Malaya' was not a geography lesson. We learnt something of the multiplicity of races in the peninsula—the happy-go-lucky, hospitable, smiling, slender, friendly, sports-loving Malaysians in their native kampongs, Indians collecting latex on the big rubber plantations, fuzzy-haired aborigines hunting with the blow-pipe in remote

jungle areas and the industrious Chinese holding the reins of commerce and finance in the cities. Political issues were not discussed, the 'Emergency' hardly touched on. But we heard the Punch-and-Judy-like altercations of a Malayan shadow-play, the Chinese dances of a festival in Singapore, the recorded speech of an aboriginal, the music of a Hindu ceremony, the animal snickers and guffaws of the jungle, and the voice of a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. Statistics are slippery things. I can still remember that one third of the world's tin and one third of the world's rubber comes from Malaya, but it is probable that I shall longer remember the recorded screams of baboons in the jungle.

There are many ways of treating sound documentaries. On the preceding Sunday, three eminent Frenchmen had discussed the 'Riches of the Sahara'. The Sahara is almost as big as the United States of America, broad as the Atlantic from east to west and a thousand miles from north to south. Only in 1948 did scientific exploration of the area begin. Since then, iron, oil, manganese, tin, wolfram, lead, uranium, and the only coal-mine in North Africa have been discovered. How exploit these resources? Is there chance of industrial development? Is human settlement possible in an area which today holds a population of a little more than 1,500,000, and where waterholes are twenty-two days distant as man walks or camel sways? The importance to France of this area is immense. If only . . . if only sea-water could be piped from the coast to the interior, or water-deposits below the sandstone strata be tapped, or the political situation in Algeria be calmer, or problems of transport be solved. Here, at the modern jinn's command, was the desert revealing its riches, and yet without water they might remain as ever a mirage.

It was good to hear Frenchmen discuss this problem, to hear M. Henri, pointing like Napoleon towards the scorched African waste, proclaim 'There is our atomic reactor', to listen to M. Monod, who has three times crossed the Sahara from end to end on foot, describe the desert nomads, or M. Palewski announce 'tomorrow will see the birth of the United States of France and North Africa'. It must be difficult to find distinguished foreigners to discuss their own problems in articulate English, but when, as in this case, the venture is successful, radio has scored a signal triumph over the newspaper. But a newspaper, it could be added, might have commented that France's claim to the desert was not going unchallenged by Morocco, and that M. Palewski's picture of the Sahara as Federal Land to be exploited equally by France and her African partners may remain as much a mirage as the pipelines of water needed for industrial development.

I have always been an *aficionado* of documentaries. I enjoyed these programmes and have long noticed with regret the gradual disappearance of documentary films from our cinemas. The British documentary film-movement, beginning in the early nineteen-thirties and continuing through the war, had impetus and influence, now lost, throughout the world. An enquiry, if not a post-mortem, was held by Paul Ferris on Thursday evening. But why did the voices sound so tired? Why were John Grierson, Edgar Anstey *et al.* switched on and off like so many exhibits with Mr. Ferris the showman pointing his cane: 'This is Grierson . . . this is Anderson . . . this is the fat lady . . . this is the brilliant cameraman who . . .'. With some nine speakers explaining their views in half an hour, nothing but a muddle could emerge. A definition of the difference between advertising-copy and true documentary in the spirit of 'Night Mail' or 'Song of Ceylon' was never attempted. The vexed question of sponsors was touched on but not fully explained. What I remember is an expon-

ent of Free Cinema (was it Lindsay Anderson?) insisting that it was human problems which mattered—not how men work at a lathe, but how they live after they leave the factory. I agree. You have only to look out of the window to find good subjects. It is odd how the film, the most obstinately realistic of all art media, persistently drifts off into fantasy.

HAROLD BEAVER

MUSIC

Edinburgh Operas

IT WAS ALL TOO EVIDENT in the first broadcast of 'La Sonnambula' from Edinburgh that Mme. Callas was doing herself less than justice. For that reason I refrained from comment until I had heard another performance in the theatre. On Thursday of last week she was singing a great deal better, though not without signs of strain towards the end of this exacting performance. Indeed, next day she professed herself too exhausted to sing again and departed from Edinburgh. The singer's faults are well known and there is no need to lay stress upon them. But, even when she is not in good form, she can still enchant and thrill with a perfectly turned phrase instinct with sensuousness or pathos, with pure, sweet tone or with one of those ravishingly executed vocal dives from a high note.

Mme. Callas is as versatile as she is variable. We first acclaimed her as a statuesque and epic Norma. Her Amina is slender and fey, with voice attenuated to suit—too much so, indeed. You half expect this sylph-like figure to rise on points and dance, instead of singing, 'Ah! non credea mirarti'. Nor would it be inappropriate, for this is precisely the operatic equivalent of the Romantic Ballets of the eighteen-thirties to 'forties. It is no less charming than they and a good deal stronger in musical interest. Bellini's accompaniments are economical, but they are full of picturesque touches, and beside them Donizetti's, as represented in 'L'Elisir d'Amore' on Saturday night, sound brash and insensitive. Bellini could with a few horn-calls evoke the romantic Swiss woodland scene, and suggests the eeriness of Amina's sleep-walking with a little rhythmical figure, that Verdi was unconsciously to remember when he came to compose the last tragic scene for Lady Macbeth. 'La Sonnambula' has been dismissed as a 'silly opera'. I confess I found it a very touching and, within its convention, truthful presentation of a common enough situation in the lives of ordinary people.

The company of the Piccola Scala, the new adjunct to the famous Milanese Opera, is a strong one individually, and collectively the voices are well disciplined and blended. The three tenors are all excellent, and both Luigi Alva (Paolino in 'Il Matrimonio Segreto') and Giuseppe di Stefano (Nemorino in 'L'Elisir d'Amore') are good comic actors, as well as stylish lyrical singers. Alva's voice is the sweeter of the two; di Stefano's has more ring in it and a harder edge which can become strident when he presses it too hard. Nicola Monti (Elvino in 'La Sonnambula') is the ideal romantic tenor and managed to convey effectively a quickness to jealousy that made the character humanly convincing.

Of the sopranos Graziella Sciutti is well known to us for her prettiness of voice and lively wit in action. These qualities served admirably for Carolina in Cimarosa's comedy, where she was well seconded by Eugenia Ratti who managed to make the elder sister just a little less attractive without arousing pity for Count Robinson when he has to make do with her, and by Gabriella Carturan as their amorous aunt. In 'L'Elisir d'Amore' Rosanna Carteri dis-



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played a light, bright voice that was exactly right in this context. There is also an excellent young mezzo-soprano, Fiorenza Cossotto, whose Teresa in 'La Sonnambula' was most stylishly sung.

Nicola Zaccaria, whom we usually hear as the High Priest of some operatic Faith, appeared as the Count, so much less bold and bad than the baronet of romantic melodrama, in 'La Sonnambula' and carried off what might be a ludicrous situation with aristocratic sang-froid, not to mention a noble tone of voice. Fernando Corena made an amiable quack doctor in Donizetti's comedy, presenting him as less flashy in manner (though not in dress) than some practitioners have been. One feature of the productions has

been, indeed, an avoidance of routine characterisations in the traditional manner. Nowhere was this more apparent than in Carlo Badioli's old father in 'Il Matrimonio Segreto'. Here was the portrait of an individual self-made man, snobbish and purse-proud, not the gullible old man of any opera buffa. And there were Franco Calabrese's amusing caricature of an English nobleman looking like a rather naughty turtle, and Giulio Fioravanti's dashing, but only superficially dashing, Belcore to admire, even though here actual vocal quality was not particularly distinguished.

What is most distinguished in these performances is the high excellence of the ensemble, which we may perhaps flatter ourselves so far as

to credit in part to the example of Glyndebourne. This quality was most conspicuous in Cimarosa's opera, which was given with a perfection of timing and balance that could hardly be surpassed. By this means what might have been a tedious farce was transformed into an enchanting entertainment. Cimarosa's music is always delightful and his accompaniments are scored with a feeling for orchestral colour that owes a good deal to the example of Mozart. What he could not copy was Mozart's genius as a composer capable of developing his themes dramatically and with an instinct for the right modulation to fit the stage action and for the creation of character in music.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The French Chamber Music Tradition

By ROLLO H. MYERS

Quartets by Pierre Vachon and Roussel will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Sunday, September 8, and Poulenc's Trio for piano and wind at 10.50 p.m. on Saturday, September 14 (both Third)

I SUPPOSE it could be said that François Couperin's 'Concerts royaux' established the tradition that was to be followed more or less faithfully by later chamber-music composers in France. Paul Landormy, in his *Histoire de la Musique*, speaking of the *sonata da chiesa* and the *sonata da camera* (from the fusion of which modern chamber music stemmed) calls the *sonata da camera* the '*sonate mondaine*'. '*Le mot chambre désignant alors l'administration des résidences princières, la musique de chambre était la musique de cour. La sonate d'église (da chiesa) et la sonate de chambre (da camera) devaient bientôt se confondre en une seule forme d'art*'.

One of the pioneers in this form, in eighteenth-century France at least, was Pierre Vachon (1731-1802), a violinist of some distinction who led the Prince de Conti's band at Versailles and visited London in 1772, after having had six sonatas for violin and bass published there two years before. He wrote a quantity of chamber music, and it will be interesting to hear next week one of his string quartets which, it is safe to say, are very rarely performed. It was in the nineteenth century, however, that the cult of chamber music as we know it reached its apogee, both in Germany and in France. The German masters—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven—had fixed once and for all, as it then seemed, the composition and form of the modern trio-quartet-quintet combinations in which the strings either play alone or in conjunction with piano or wind, and French nineteenth-century composers adopted this model more or less as it stood. In the hands of a Fauré or a Saint-Saëns, however, the form became more flexible and the spirit or content lighter and imbued with the elegance and high surface polish usually associated with French music. It was left to Franck and d'Indy to perpetuate the more severely classical tradition, and both made notable contributions to the chamber music of their time.

Then, suddenly, in 1893 the smoothly flowing current of 'respectable' music-making was rudely disturbed. On December 29 of that year, at one of the Société Nationale concerts in Paris, Ysaye and the Quartet of which he was then the leader introduced a new work—a Quartet for strings by Claude Debussy, then aged thirty-one. The impact of this 'Quartet in G minor, Op. 10' (the only one of Debussy's works to receive an opus number or a key-label) on conservative musical circles at the time was tremendous. It was hailed as revolutionary, but won the admiration of such established com-

posers as Dukas and Chausson. It was, indeed, an important landmark in the evolution of chamber music, for by his novel handling of this essentially classical medium Debussy undoubtedly inaugurated a new era in chamber music and opened the door to an entirely new conception of the possibilities of the string ensemble, the results of which can be seen in the works of many twentieth-century masters in this field, including Bartók.

Debussy's younger contemporary Ravel, however, was quite content, so far as his first attempt at chamber music was concerned, to preserve the classical mould which Debussy had already breached; and his String Quartet, composed in 1902, represents, in Ravel's own words, 'a conception of musical construction imperfectly realised no doubt, but set out much more precisely than in my earlier compositions'. Roland-Manuel says of this delightful work: 'The intense suavity of this grave, youthful music makes it appear the most spontaneous work Ravel has ever written . . .'. Ravel, however, was suspicious of 'the lure of spontaneity' and, to set his mind at rest, sought the opinion of his friends and colleagues. His master Fauré told him bluntly the last movement was a failure; but Debussy reassured him and warned him solemnly: 'In the name of the gods of music and in mine—do not touch a note of what you have written . . .'. And Ravel, reassured, obeyed. Had he not done so, French music might well have been the poorer.

After the 1914 war, however, a reaction set in against both Debussy and Ravel, and with the advent of 'Les Six' French music took on a 'new look'. Debussy's alleged impressionism and Ravel's so-called *écriture artiste* fell into disfavour. The new fashion demanded square-cut rhythms, harsher harmonies and sonorities that evoked the circus ring-side or the *café-conc'* rather than those 'hammocks, garlands and gondolas' which Jean Cocteau denounced in 1918 in *Cock and Harlequin*. Certain early works of Poulenc (for example, the Sonatas for clarinet and bassoon, and for trumpet, horn and trombone and his setting of Cocteau's *Cocarde* for a classic street-corner ensemble—violin, cornet, trombone, bass drum and triangle) faithfully conformed to the new gospel according to St. Jean; but the essentially 'classical' side of Poulenc's muse was to emerge later and flourished happily during the neo-classic period which succeeded the circus-and-village-band phase in the later 'twenties. To this period belongs his really delightful, accomplished and witty (in the best sense) Trio for piano, oboe and bassoon which still does not sound 'dated'

because, for all its light-heartedness it speaks the language of pure music.

Looking back on the 'twenties and 'thirties one is struck by the amount of chamber music written during that period by French composers. Of the 'Six', Honegger and Milhaud were the most prolific—especially the latter who today has some eighteen string quartets to his credit, two of which, incidentally, can be played either separately or together so as to form an Octet. This, it must be admitted, is a feat of compositional virtuosity, whatever one may think of the intrinsic musical value of the result; but many of Milhaud's quartets are little more than brief exercises in polytonal four-part writing, and are experimental, rather than finished works of art.

More traditional and altogether richer in musical content is the work of such men as Koechlin (from whom the 'Six' learned more probably than from any other master) and Roussel. The latter, although he wrote only one string quartet, by no means neglected the field of chamber music which he enriched to the extent of four Trios, a Serenade and a Divertissement, all for various combinations of wind and strings (there is only one piano Trio, a very early work), two violin and piano sonatas, and some smaller pieces for flute and piano.

Of these the String Quartet, Op. 45, is perhaps the most representative of Roussel's mature style—it was finished only five years before his death—and I would give it a high place not only in the hierarchy of this composer's own output, but in that of the whole field of contemporary chamber music. It is, indeed, an outstanding achievement and a typical example of Roussel's '*rien que la musique*' aesthetic creed. The vigorous, closely knit first movement is followed by an *adagio* remarkable for the kind of passionate glow which pervades the intricate, weaving part-writing and sustained *cantabile* mood. The scherzo is of the airiest, piquantly scored and pulsing with rhythm, while in the finale, which opens with a fugue, the music seems to round off in a wholly convincing manner what one feels to have been a closely reasoned yet eloquent argument.

Roussel's approach is undoubtedly slightly austere (though completely unacademic) and his music perhaps a little too dry for some palates, but it is entirely self-sufficing, and in most of his works one feels the fusion of form and content to be complete. Moreover, the balance between emotion and intellect is perfectly preserved—and this no doubt is what we mean when we speak of the 'French tradition', whether in chamber music or in any other form of art.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

FRYING PANS AND KETTLES

A LISTENER WRITES to say that having treated herself to a really thick aluminium frying pan for which she paid a lot of money, she is disappointed to find that everything she cooks in it sticks badly. Sticking in a frying pan is caused almost invariably by two things—too much heat or not enough fat. The most usual reason is too much heat. The best way to prevent a pan sticking is to heat the pan and the fat slowly, to turn the heat down as soon as the fat is smoking with a blue smoke, and to keep it turned down really low all the time you are frying. The temperature at which food fries is extremely important, and it can be too high in a matter of seconds. Then you get both sticking and splashing. It is important to see that there is enough fat to cover the bottom of the pan evenly all over—so that there are no ungreased islands of metal sticking out which allow food to stick to them.

Sticking with thinner, lighter frying pans is caused sometimes by distortion of the metal—a few dents in the base of the pan play havoc with the distribution of the heat and the fat, and so you get burning. If turning the heat down and using more fat do not stop sticking, you might think of one of the new silicone-treated frying pans to which food does not stick even if you use a little or no fat or have the pan too hot. These pans are a little more expensive than ordinary ones and have to be re-treated about twice a year to replace the silicone film, but they are going to mean that frying need be a much less hazardous business altogether.

I have also been asked for advice about kettles that fur up. In hard-water districts, there is no way of completely stopping this happening. But you can prevent it from becoming a nuisance if you take the following precautions. Never fill your kettle from the hot water tap; do not leave water in it after you have used what you want;

do not boil the same water twice; and give the kettle a rinse with cold water occasionally. This may not stop the kettle furring up altogether but you can easily deal with any scale there may be by buying a de-scaling solution for kettles. It is in a bottle and obtainable from most iron-mongers for a few shillings.

This is simple to use. Generally, you pour it into hot water in the kettle, leave it overnight, throw it away and rinse out the kettle before you use it. You have to make up your mind that you are going to do this regularly, because it is very difficult to remove a really thick deposit of fur. One way, in a non-electric kettle, is to use the de-scaling solution in the way I have suggested, rinse the kettle, and scrape out the scale with steel wool. The scale is not harmful, so your health will not suffer if you decide not to remove the fur. And I for one will not blame you if you decide that steel wool on scale sounds too drastic.

If you have a badly furred electric kettle that will not respond to de-scaling solution, allow your electrician or electricity board to clean it for you. Once you have made your kettle clean inside, you can avoid getting a thick scale again by buying a special device which prevents fur collecting in the kettle.

Aluminium teapots which are stained by tannin are not harmful to health, although they do not look very pretty. You can usually remove the stain by boiling a solution of crystallised borax and water in the teapot. Use a teaspoonful of borax to each half-pint of water and rinse out the pot before you use it. If the discoloration remains, a soap-filled steel-wool pad is the only way to remove the rest. Rinse the teapot very thoroughly after this.

Finally, a listener writes in to ask if it is really hygienic to wipe out a frying pan after use and not to wash it. If you think of the temperature at which food is fried—far above

that of boiling water—you will realise that by the time the pan is heated for the next lot of food, it is perfectly hygienic.

ROSEMARY McROBERT

MARROW-CHEESE

Why not try a marrow-cheese—especially if you have young children? It is quite as good as a cauliflower one. All you have to do is to peel and seed the marrow and cut it into chunks. Then melt a little margarine, or butter, in a stewpan, add the marrow and 2 tablespoons of water, and cook slowly until the marrow is tender. Drain it; then proceed as for a cauliflower-cheese, adding a little of the marrow liquid to the cheese sauce to thin it down.

MOLLY HARGRAVE

Notes on Contributors

P. M. S. BLACKETT, F.R.S. (page 331): President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; Professor of Physics, Imperial College of Science and Technology, London University, since 1953; author of *Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations*, etc.

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Crossword No. 1,423

Quots.

By Trand

Solution of No. 1,421

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s. and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

QUOT and QUOTIMAL may be defined by the relation quot is to quotimal as ten is to decimal. In the following table, if the reciprocal of the first number is quotimalised in the scale of any of the following numbers, the result is a pure recurring quotimal having six figures in the period. The last three figures of the period bear a simple relation to the first three.

No number in the puzzle exceeds 50, and several possible quots have been omitted, although they may occur elsewhere in the puzzle.

(Capitals across, small letters down)

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. A; q, M, E, S, F. | 10. R; q, m, L. |
| 2. N; r, b, a, K, j. | 11. g; c, C, Q. |
| 3. H; D, M, B, G, f. | 12. G; e, p, L. |
| 4. O; q, J, S. | 13. Q; e, i, o. |
| 5. h; J, e, L. | 14. K; i, g. |
| 6. m; E, d, j. | 15. k; n, p. |
| 7. I; J, C, K. | 16. f; A, Q, j. |
| 8. C; p, f, P. | 17. P; m, g. |
| 9. i; n, l. | |

A	B	a		C	b	c	D	d
E	e		F	f		G	g	
		H	h		I	i		J
K	k		L	l		M	m	
N		O	n		P	o		P
Q	q		R	r		S		

TENTHUSAND
NUSDAQADSI
HARMSMORETH
KYSTRBEKNSO
ANTHEILLSEIK
NNOLRASOLAC
NOWMYIDLENE
EABSTOSSEWE
SSDOTNHATCH

NOTES

Answers and Sources: 1D. thank. A & C, III, 11. 1B. utter. H8, V, 4. 2L. stones. AYLI, II, 1. 2R. miser. Tro, III, 3. 4L. casket. MoV, II, 7. 4R. metal. MoV, I, 3. 5L. Hydra. H4(1), V, 4. 5B. hooks. Ham, I, 3. 6L. means. Oth, IV, 3. 6R. Arion. Tw, N, I, 2. 7L. stout. H4(1), V, 4. 7R. duke's. H6(2), I, 3. 8L. harms. A & C, II, 1. 9L. abode. Lear, I, 1. 9R. Danish. Ham, V, 2. 10L. risen. H6(1), I, 4. 10R. Oberon. MND, II, 1. 11L. liked. H5, II, 3. 12D. choke. R2, II, 1. 13D. snare. Temp, II, 2. 13R. wants. Tam, IV, 3. 14R. month. LLL, IV, 2. 15R. hotly. Lear, IV, 5. 16R. hairs. R & J, I, 4. 17L. Wales. Cym, III, 2. 17R. stead. Mac, V, 3. 18L. brims. Temp, IV, 1. 18R. slice. MWV, I, 1. 19L. sadly. H4(2), V, 2. 19R. whole. Tro, III, 3. 20L. toils. JC, II, 1. 21L. stood. Cor, IV, 6. 22L. hills. Tw, N, I, 5. 23L. shake. Mac, III, 4. 25L. Seneca. Ham, II, 2. 26A. sentinel. H5, IV, Chor. 23D. cheek. R & J, I, 5.

Quotation: A & C, I, 2

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. W. Waters (London, W.8); 2nd prize: Miss I. Hutt (Kenilworth); 3rd prize: R. G. Allen (Taunton)

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